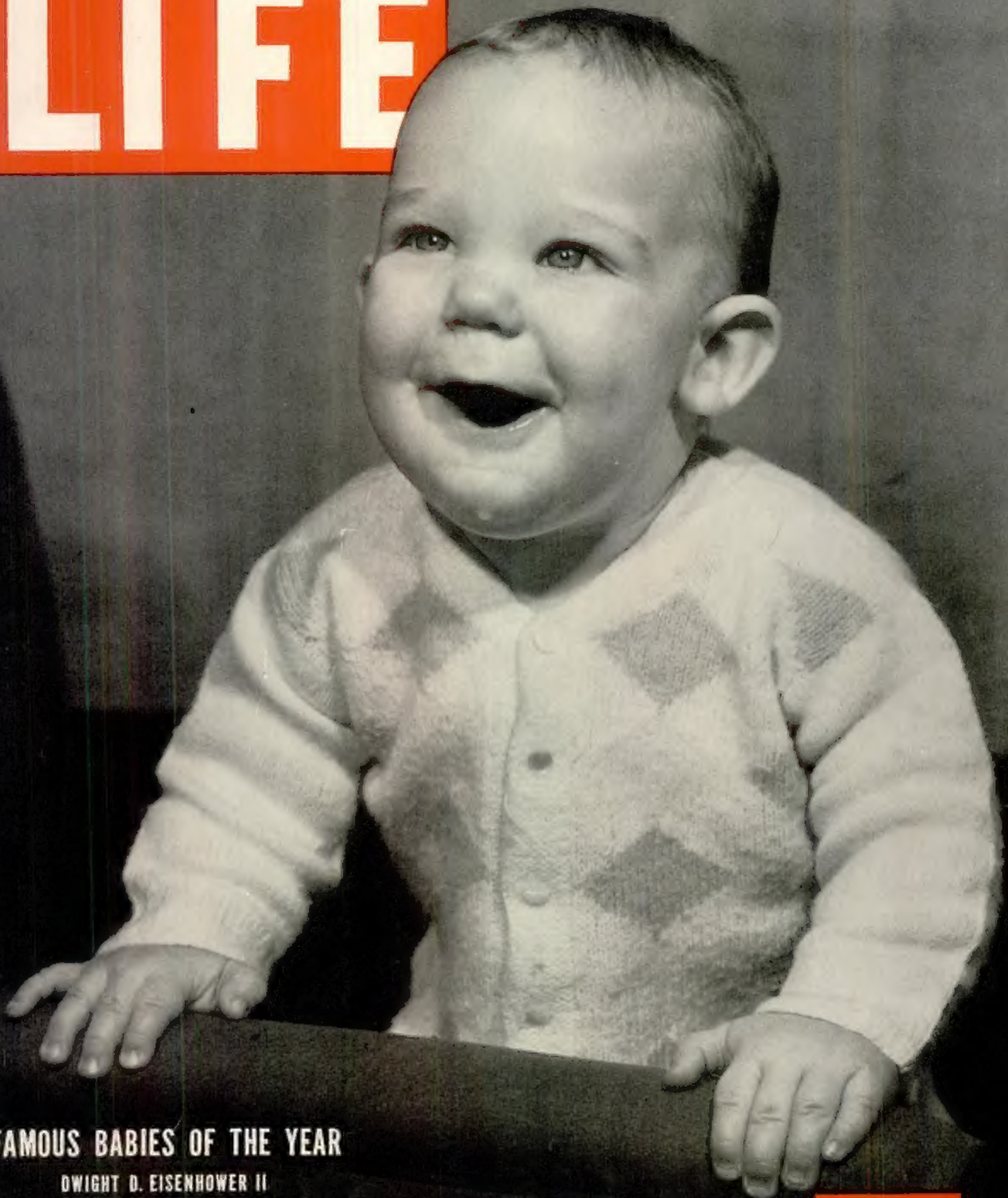


# LIFE



FAMOUS BABIES OF THE YEAR

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER II

JANUARY 3, 1949 **20** CENTS  
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$6.00



QUALITY CRAFTSMANSHIP STYLE

FORSTMANN  
100% VIRGIN WOOL

*Look for this label... it identifies  
the finest wools in the world*

Forstmann men's wear fabrics are available  
in PhotoMetrically fitted and Custom  
Tailored, as well as in Ready Made clothes.  
Distributed by Amalgamated Textiles Limited,  
51 Madison Avenue, New York City



# "Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Fashion Model Nancy Thompson shows how it can work for you, too



**Paris bound**—to do a fashion show for the newest French collections! Nancy Thompson flashes her famous Ipana smile as she gets a flying send-off from husband Bud. (He's Lt. Col. Alden G. Thompson of the United States Air Force.)

Like so many successful models, Nancy knows how important firm, healthy gums are to a sparkling smile. "So of course I follow the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth," Nancy explains, "because dentists say it works!" And this professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too...

**YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS\* SAY:**

Ipana dental care promotes  
Healthier gums, brighter teeth



Product of Bristol-Myers

**Nancy never neglects the Ipana way—even en route.** It's pleasant to do—and easy as 1, 2:

1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana Tooth Paste at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums—you can feel the invigorating tingle!)

Just do this regularly for healthier gums, brighter teeth—an *Ipana* smile. Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your mouth fresher, your breath cleaner, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

\*In thousands of reports from all over the country



# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## GIRLS WADING

Sirs:

The subtle juxtaposition of the two pictures "Gibbons Drinking" and "Girls Wading" (LIFE, Dec. 13) is a Darwinian delight and an esthetic triumph of evolution.

FIRST LIEUT. VERNON ROWLAND  
Medical Corps  
Percy Jones General Hospital  
Battle Creek, Mich.



Sirs:

We find "Girls Wading" highly immoral. We hoped it was against the principles of LIFE to print pictures of this type. . . .

F. O'BRIEN AND M. HOWARD  
Buffalo, N.Y.

Sirs:

I see that the censor in Lynn, Mass. banned LIFE for printing "Girls Wading." He may not agree, but by our old-fashioned New

England definition of art, viz., that which pleases the eye while warming the heart, we'd say without reservation that the picture is purest art.

LARRY KENYON  
Newport, Vt.

Sirs:

. . . For the sake of our young people and children in America such magazines with pictures of nude women should be banned. . . .

T. W. DAY  
Minister  
Wilson, N.C.

Sirs:

In this action of the Lynn censor, the issue is not just one of censoring a picture or a magazine; it transcends this local action. I believe that the picture didn't tend toward the lewd or lascivious. Okay, I may be wrong; this determination is open to argument. But are we then going to permit Patrolman A. P. Witham to determine this fact for the 100,000 residents of Lynn? If so, what protection does the average citizen have against the arbitrary use of such power? . . .

ALEX J. SOLED  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Great balls of fire! One cop tells a city of 100,000 they can't read a magazine.

CHARLES S. LAWTON  
Little Compton, R.I.

● Banning LIFE is a Lynn specialty—10 issues to date. Patrolman Witham, who issued the most recent ban, was a Lynn traffic cop for 22 years before becoming censor in 1945. Lynn's rule of thumb, according to its police chief: "If the picture shows a girl wearing less than is worn on our bathing beach, it is indecent."—ED.

## MACY'S

SIRS:

IN THE ARTICLE ON OUR COMPETITOR, M. H. MACY AND CO. (LIFE, Dec. 13), YOU SAY THAT IT SELLS ALL ITEMS THAT ARE NOT PRICE-FIXED FOR AT LEAST 6% UNDER THEIR COMPETITORS' PRICES. I CHALLENGE THAT STATEMENT. SAKS 34TH IS DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM MACY'S AND I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT SO FAR AS WE KNOW MACY'S NEVER SELLS ANYTHING UNDER THE PRICE SET BY US. OUR STAFF OF SHOPPERS WATCHES MACY'S AND OTHER STORES FOR JUST SUCH PRICE COMPETITION. EACH SHOPPER IS TRAINED TO TELEPHONE IN AS SOON AS SHE FINDS ANY ITEM WHICH APPEARS TO BE SELLING AT PRICES LOWER THAN OURS SO THAT WE CAN IMMEDIATELY MARK OURS DOWN. . . .

RICHARD J. BLUM  
EXECUTIVE HEAD  
SAKS 34TH  
NEW YORK, N.Y.

● Macy's answers Mr. Blum as follows: "Macy's 81 comparison shoppers make more than 35,000 shoppings a week in New York stores—including Saks 34th Street. In the past six weeks, Miss Hertha Hansson, head of Macy's Comparison Shopping Office, states, out of the tens of thousands of items carried by both Saks 34th and Macy's, we were required to mark down only 39 items in order to maintain our price policies."—ED.

Sirs:

It may interest your readers to know how Macy's aided me.

While traveling home on furlough last year I was stranded in New York at 3 p.m. with only a personal check to finance the continuation of my trip. I didn't have another cent in my possession. After walking the streets trying to cash the check in banks, stores, train stations, Y.M.C.A. and every place imaginable, two minutes before closing

I walked into Macy's and the store seemed pleased to cash my check.

SGT. W. M. WHITELAW  
U.S.A.F.  
Greenville, S.C.

● Macy's performed the same service for some 5,000 customers last year. Only three checks bounced. Two were forgeries, the third was later made good.—ED.

Sirs:

If you would turn the enclosed blonde around, I'll be a Macy customer forever. . . .

CARL E. HAYDEN  
Idaho Falls, Idaho



● Sorry, Macy security rules forbid. As LIFE's caption said, the blonde is a detective.—ED.

Sirs:

After seeing your article I can understand what happened to a box containing four men's shirts I ordered sent by parcel post. Mike Reynolds must have sat on it while sliding down the package chute, because it was the most battered, smashed and wide-open package I ever received. The shirts arrived, though, so Happy Sliding, Mike.

E. H. GROVE  
Toms River, N.J.

Sirs:

Your article reminds me of the time I bought all Macy's white shirts. It was the summer of '46 when white shirts were almost nonexistent. Because the railroad did not transfer my baggage at Chicago I arrived in New York with my only shirt on my back.

At Macy's the shirt cases were bare. A strike of the clerks was on and an executive came to wait on me. I explained my predicament and he agreed to see what he could find. He later returned with two white shirts and told me those were all they had in the store. Of course I was delighted to get them and they filled the bill until my baggage was delivered a few days later.

E. A. TINKHAM  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

## ALGER HISS

Sirs:

Nothing makes us more aware of the swift passage of time than perusing old copies of TIME and LIFE. I picked up your July 16, 1945 issue only yesterday. When I saw in the Picture of the Week the familiar likeness of Alger Hiss, of course I thought I had a recent

issue. Hiss, identified as Secretary-General of the San Francisco Conference, is shown landing from a plane, bringing with him a big safe containing the Charter of the U.N. Attached to the safe is the inscription: "Finder—do not open! Notify the Department of State, Washington, D.C." . . .

R. C. O'BRIEN  
Rosendale, N.Y.



ALGER HISS IN LIFE IN 1945

## EVARTS POLICE CHIEFS

Sirs:

Why don't you print something of interest about Evarts, Ky., the town which has had five police chiefs in four months (LIFE, Dec. 6). Surely they do something besides installing police chiefs.

ROBERT L. THOMSON  
Ludlow, Ky.

● Apparently very little. Two weeks after LIFE's story on the installation of Police Chief Isachar Combs, Evarts citizens were casting about for a possible sixth chief. Combs was arrested on a murder charge Dec. 18.—ED.

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## War Memoirs of Winston Churchill



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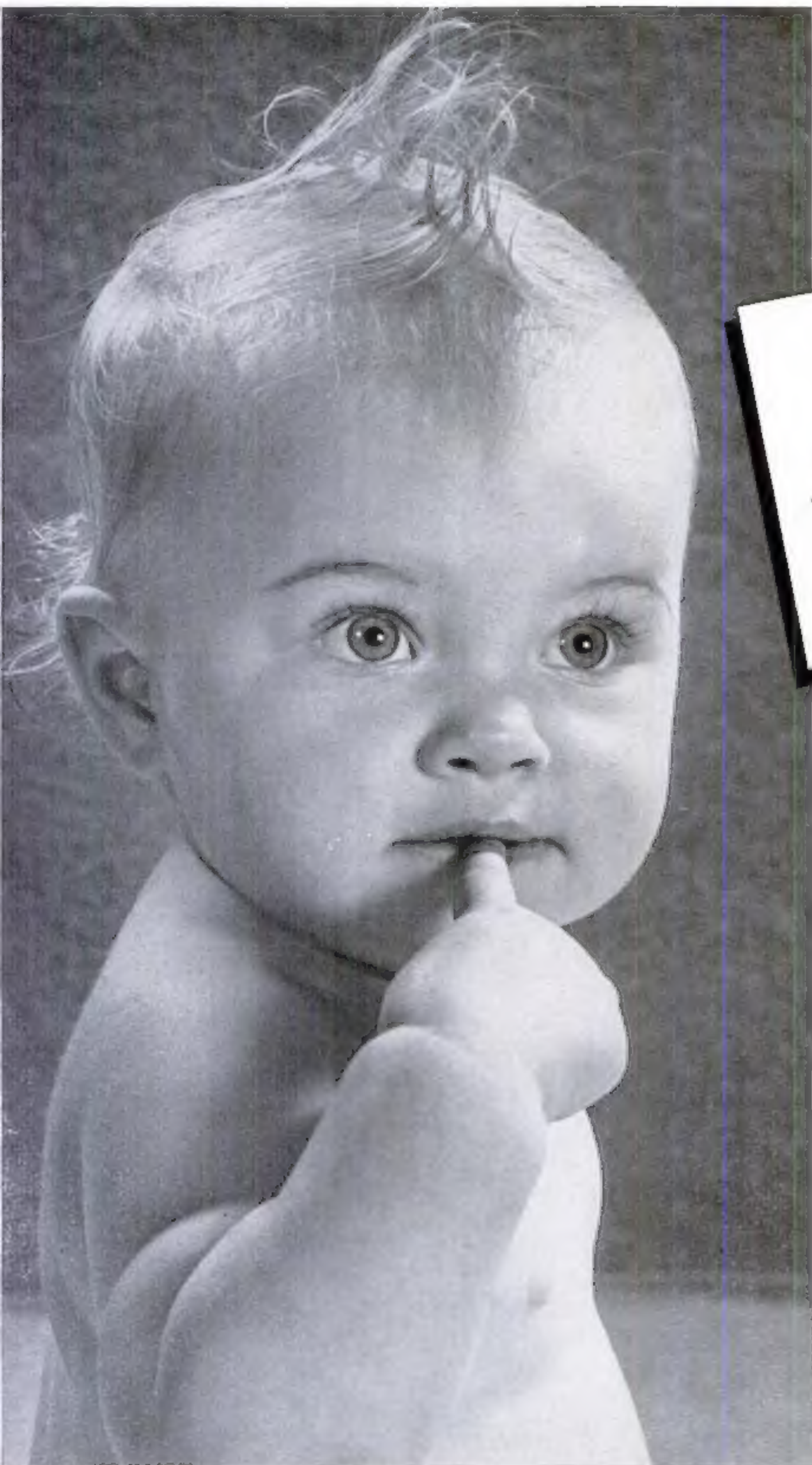
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540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.  
or give to your newsdealer. L-1-3





## Have You Heard About the Telephone Birth Rate?



1948 was a mighty big year for additions to the telephone world.

Your own particular telephone is more valuable today, millions of calls go through clearer and quicker, because of the many things that have been done to extend and improve service.

You can call more people, and more people can call you, because nearly 3,000,000 Bell telephones were added to the telephone population—many in your own community.

Long Distance service is faster and there is more of it because 1,800,000 miles of new circuits were added. A total of \$1,500,000,000 was invested in new Local and Long Distance facilities in 1948.

We broke all records for the volume of new telephone construction, the dollars we put into the job and the number of telephone people on the job.

We're going to keep right on working and building in 1949 to make your telephone service a bigger bargain than ever.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



This One



R2WP-7PB-DAEA





## The NEW National Guard Reports to the Nation!

**National Guardsman, Private John Smith,  
reporting to you, the people of America.**

In 1946, you gave the Guard a job, to organize a force to protect your homes from any enemy attack. You gave us the job of helping prepare a defense for our country.

We're doing that job. As 1949 begins, there are 320,000 of us, training ourselves to defend you, on the ground and in the air. Almost every State in the Nation has organized a larger National Guard than ever before, for *your* protection.

The job is not yet done. We'll need twice as many men in the force you've asked us to build. With your support we'll build this power, for your protection and your peace. We're proud to serve you. We're proud to be your *new* National Guard.

*For further information about your new National Guard, write the National Guard Bureau, The Pentagon, Washington 25, D. C., or the Adjutant General of your State.*

**NATIONAL GUARD**  
***of the United States***





**JOANN COOGAN**, 9 months old, is the daughter of Jackie Coogan and his third wife Ann MacCormick. Behind her is a picture of her father at 5, when he appeared with

Charlie Chaplin in the movie *The Kid*, which launched his long career as a child star. Coogan had no children by first wife Betty Grable, one boy by his second, Flower Parry.

## ***SPEAKING OF PICTURES...***

### **... THESE BABIES WERE BORN TO FAMOUS PEOPLE IN 1948**

The babies on these pages attracted wide attention in 1948 merely by being born. Although this may well turn out to be the most publicized event of their lives, their brief notoriety was inescapable. Fortunately or unfortunately for them, their parents are famous. As it happened, most of their parents, like most fathers and mothers, found more satisfaction in the simple business of adding to the population than in any other event of the year.

One could speculate on the world which these offspring of the famous would face in the future. Would it be a carefree era in which an engaging

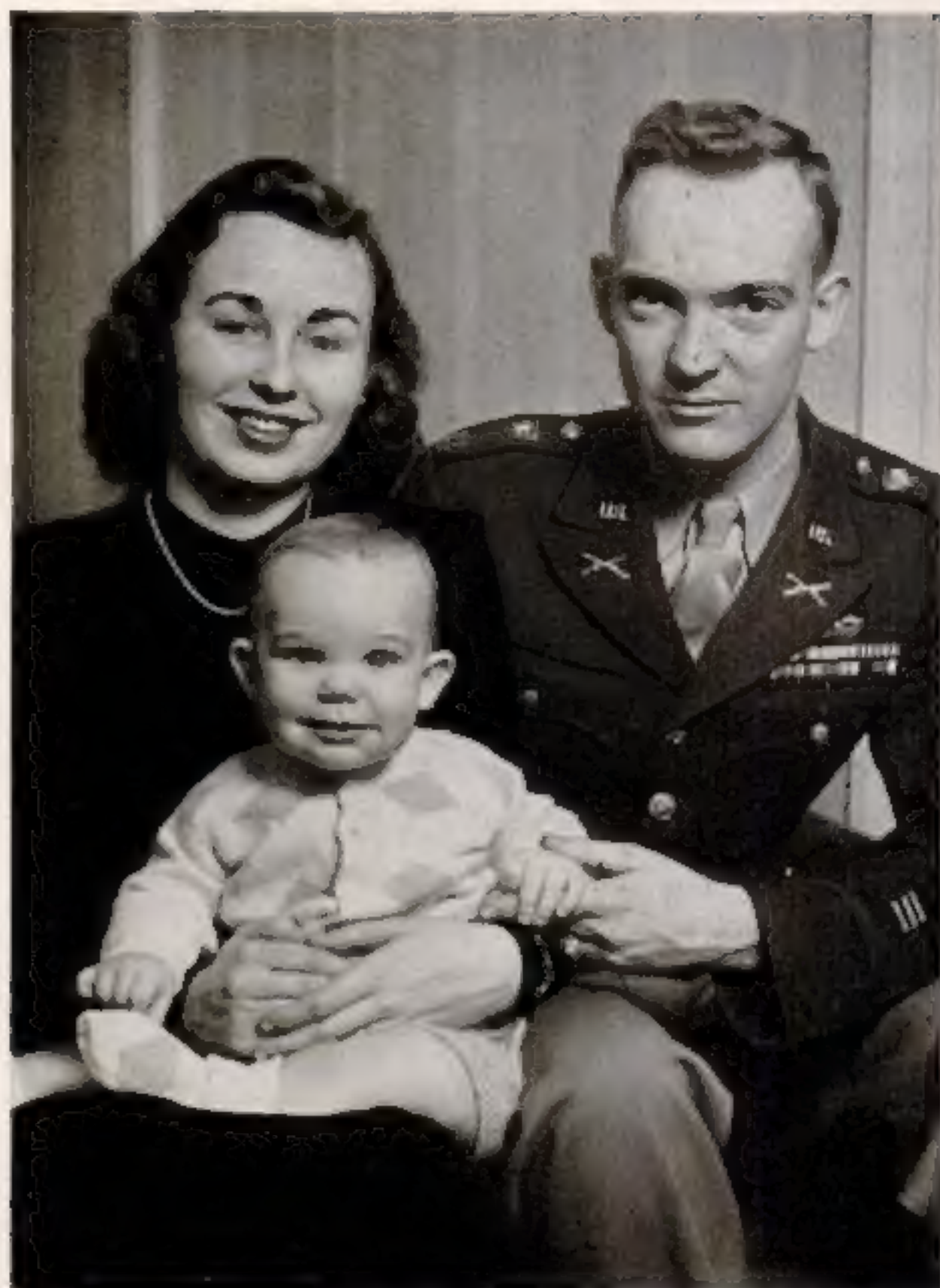
child like "The Kid" in the old cloth cap (*above*) could catch a nation's fancy? Would it be a world fit for the grandson of a grandee like the Duke of Alba (*next page*)? Would further powers be stripped (if any could be found) from England's new Prince Charles before he would ascend his ancient throne? Would their times call for the offspring of a Churchill or an Attlee? And might these two not by some irony grow up with reverse beliefs—the former a meek socialist, the latter a defender of empire? The only certainty is that all of them will for a while reflect the bright light that shines on the famous.





**CARLOS JUAN DE IRUJO** (above), Duke of Alba's grandson, is the son of the Duke and Duchess of Montoro, whose wedding was covered by LIFE (Oct. 27, 1947).

**TATHA OM AHBEZ** (below) was born Oct. 9 to Songwriter Eden Ahbez (*Nature Boy*) and wife Anna. Tatha means "Fully Enlightened One." His nickname: Zoma.



**DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER II**, the general's first grandchild, lives at West Point, where his father teaches English. He likes to watch the television puppet "Howdy Doody," dislikes all other programs.



**GERARD YERUDI ANTHONY GOULD MENUHIN** weighed 7 pounds when he was born on July 23 in Edinburgh, Scotland. Traveling with his violinist father (above), he subsequently passed through Lon-





**ANDREW EDGAR MAULDIN.** Cartoonist Bill Mauldin's first child by his second wife Natalie (*above*), is 15 weeks old. His father had a bad cold when LIFE's photographer came and would not go near the baby.



don, Paris, New York and the Menuhin home in Alma, Calif., where this picture was taken. When Smithy, as he is called by his parents, wakes in the night, his father often plays softly to him to lull him to sleep.

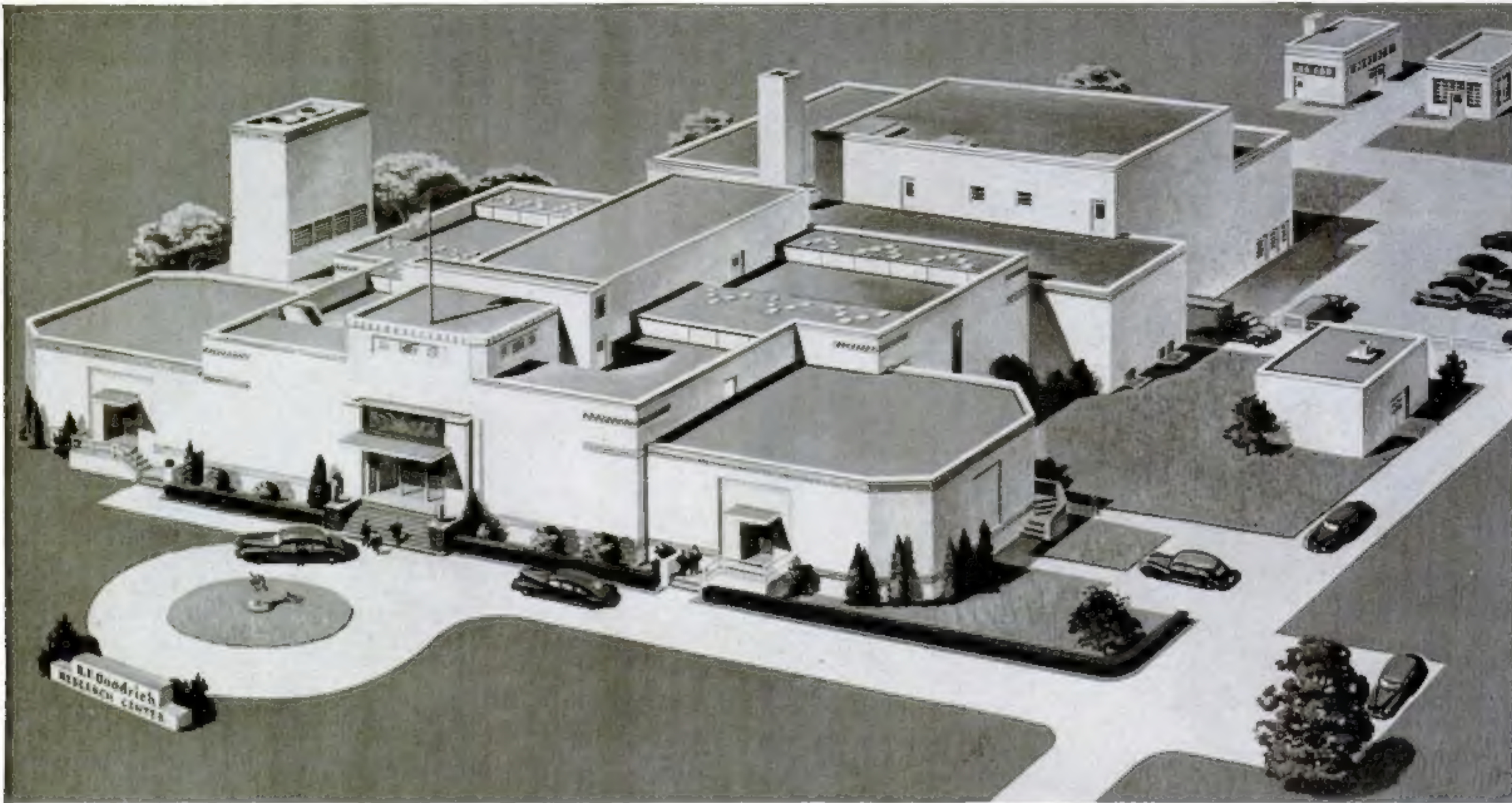


**ANN SHIPTON** (*above*), 4-month-old child of Harold and Janet Shipton, is Prime Minister Clement Attlee's first grandchild. She likes to entertain adults by gurgling.

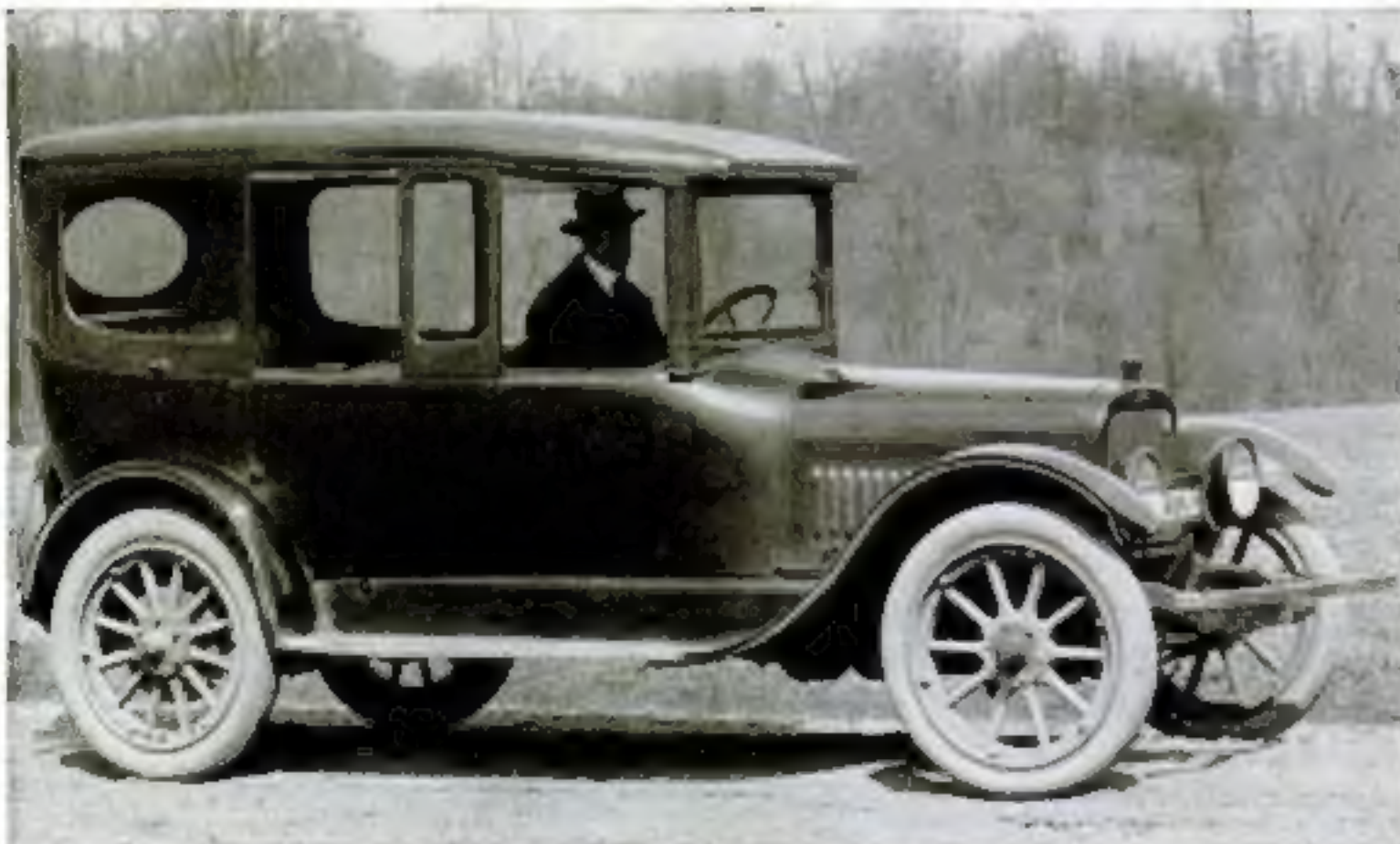
**ARTHUR WINSTON SOAMES.** fifth grandchild of Winston Churchill, is 10 months old, lives with his parents (*below*) on grandfather's estate in Kent, England.







THIS HUGE NEW B. F. GOODRICH RESEARCH CENTER IS LOCATED AT BRECKSVILLE, OHIO, MIDWAY BETWEEN AKRON AND CLEVELAND.



**JUST 25 YEARS AGO** your tire mileage cost you \$2.35 per thousand miles. Today, mileage cost is only 60¢ per thousand . . . thanks to BFG firsts such as (1) carbon black to make rubber tougher (2) accelerators to shorten the time of vulcanization of rubber goods and to make them stronger (3) age resistors to give rubber products a longer useful life.



**DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THE WEATHER!** Aircraft De-Icers were developed by B. F. Goodrich in 1929. Today, De-Icers and electrically heated rubber provide ice protection for practically all exposed airplane surfaces.

# NEW HOUSE OF WONDERS TO BETTER YOUR LIVING

**Carries on B. F. Goodrich tradition of leadership in research**

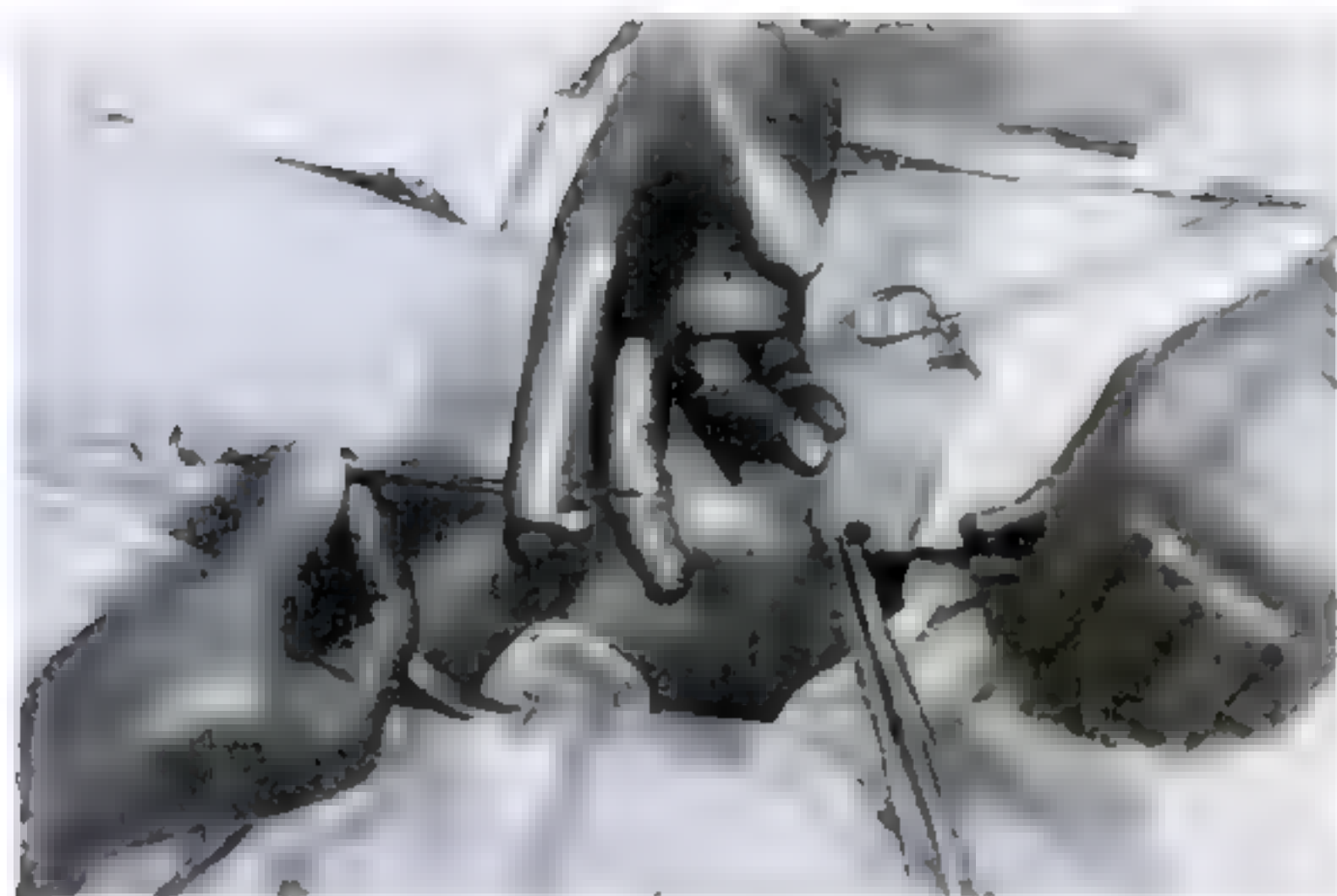
In 1895, the *first* rubber research laboratory in the rubber industry was established in Akron, Ohio by B. F. Goodrich. Since then, research by the men of B. F. Goodrich has resulted in an impressive list of "*firsts in rubber*".

Every American has benefited from this research. Check the record! B. F. Goodrich developments in rubber compounding alone saved American tire buyers more than one billion dollars last year. This is but one of the many consumer savings made possible through the many BFG "*firsts*".

Consider what these other *firsts* have meant to you: Airplane De-Icers...the first successful Puncture Sealing Inner Tubes... Rubber Fire Hose... Anode Process Surgical Supplies... the first tires of American-made rubber ever offered for sale to American car owners... Industrial Belting which outwears steel... Nylon Cord in Truck Tires... and the first postwar tire to outwear prewar tires, famous long-mileage B. F. Goodrich Silvertown. "Cold rubber", the new longer wearing American-made rubber now being produced in government plants, stems from B. F. Goodrich research launched before World War II.

Now, at Brecksville, in a brand new house of wonders, B. F. Goodrich scientists carry on their company's tradition of leadership in research. Their pace is geared to the needs of today—and tomorrow. Here, in the ideal surroundings of the world's most complete workshop of science—in modern, perfectly lighted and air-conditioned buildings far removed from smoke, dust and vibration—will be born products which, we promise, will give you easier, safer, and more economical living.

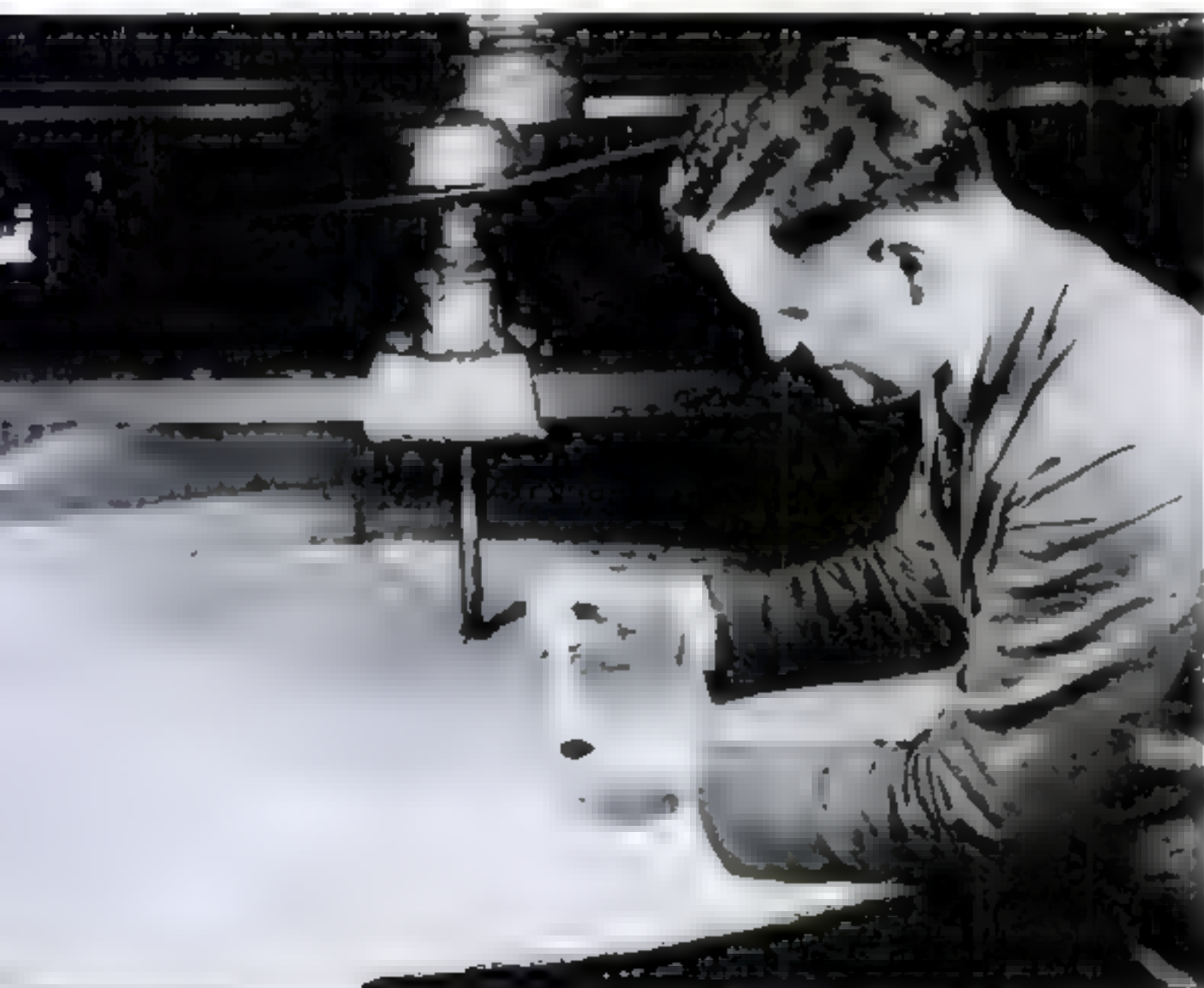




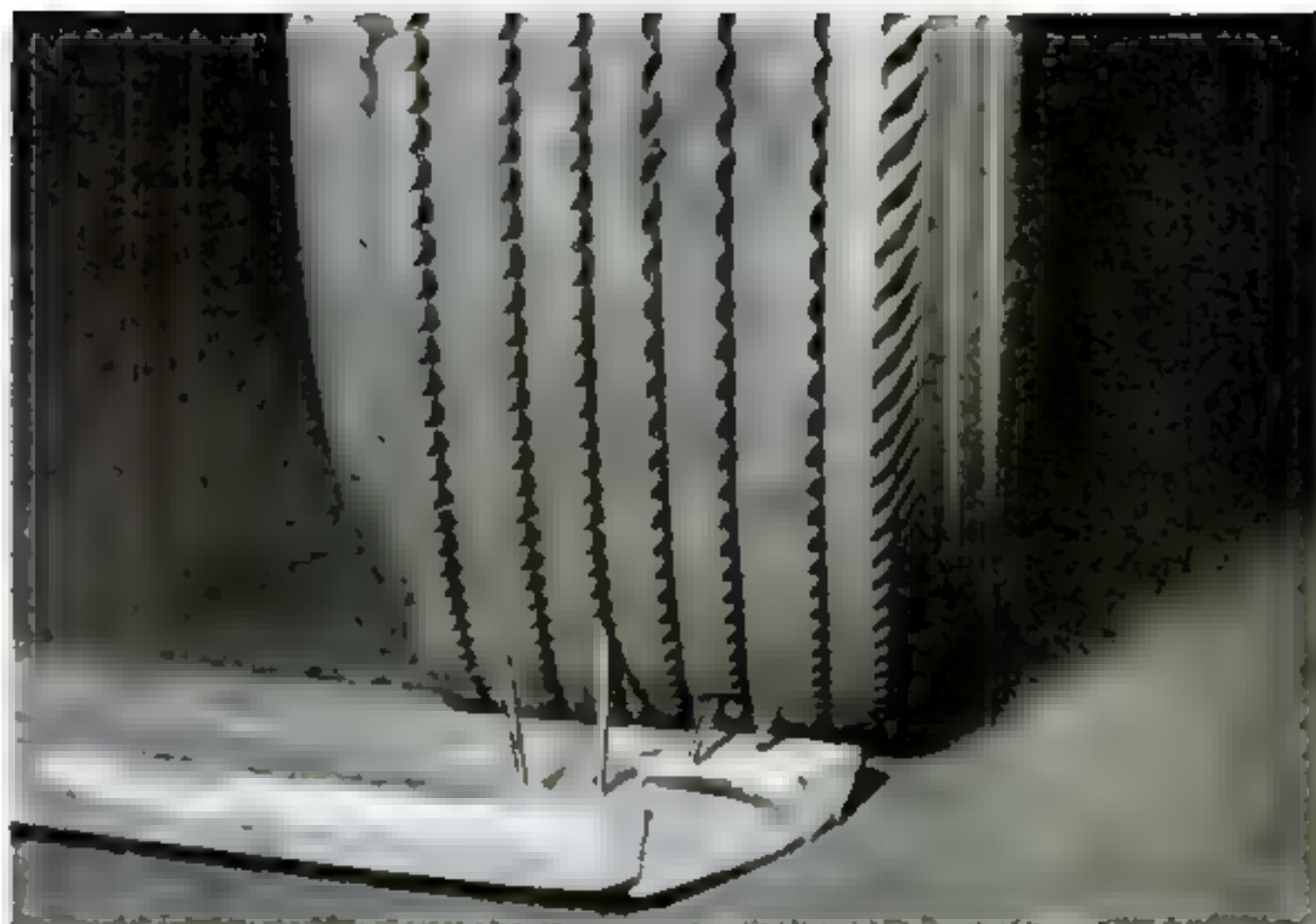
**THE CLOSEST THING TO BARE HANDS...** soft, tissue thin rubber gloves made by the special B. F. Goodrich Anode process which allows flexing without finger-tip tension.



**15 MILLION TONS** climb a mountain on this rubber escalator; a typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in industrial rubber applications.



**OUR NATIONAL "insurance policy" in rubber.** In 1940, BFG first made and sold "Ameripol" tires of American-made rubber to focus national attention on the impending rubber crisis and help speed the rubber program which saved America from losing the war.



**PUNCTURE-SEALING Tubeless Tires** ... goal of tire makers since the start of the automobile age ... most recent of the lengthy list of B. F. Goodrich "firsts" in rubber. Due to limited production, these remarkable tires are not yet available for general distribution.



**WHY MOST FIRES ARE OUT** before you get there. One reason is BFG fire hose. The first rubber fire hose was made in the 1870's by Dr. B. F. Goodrich. The rubber hose replaced the riveted leather fire hose commonly used back in those days.

#### **SOME NOTABLE "FIRSTS" BY B. F. GOODRICH**

- 1896** Tires for the first automobile offered for sale in America
- 1906** Organic accelerators of vulcanization
- 1909** Low pressure balloon tires
- 1910** Silvertown cord tires—fundamental principle of parallel cords
- 1912** Carbon black tire tread increased tire life threefold
- 1925** Use of age resistors in tire compounds
- 1927** First successful puncture sealing inner tube
- 1935** Liquid inflation for farm tractor tires
- 1940** Ameripol, American-made rubber tire which helped keep America rolling during World War II
- 1947** Nylon cord shock shields in Truck, Bus and Off-Road Tires
- 1948** Tubeless automobile tires, dream of tire manufacturers since 1896!



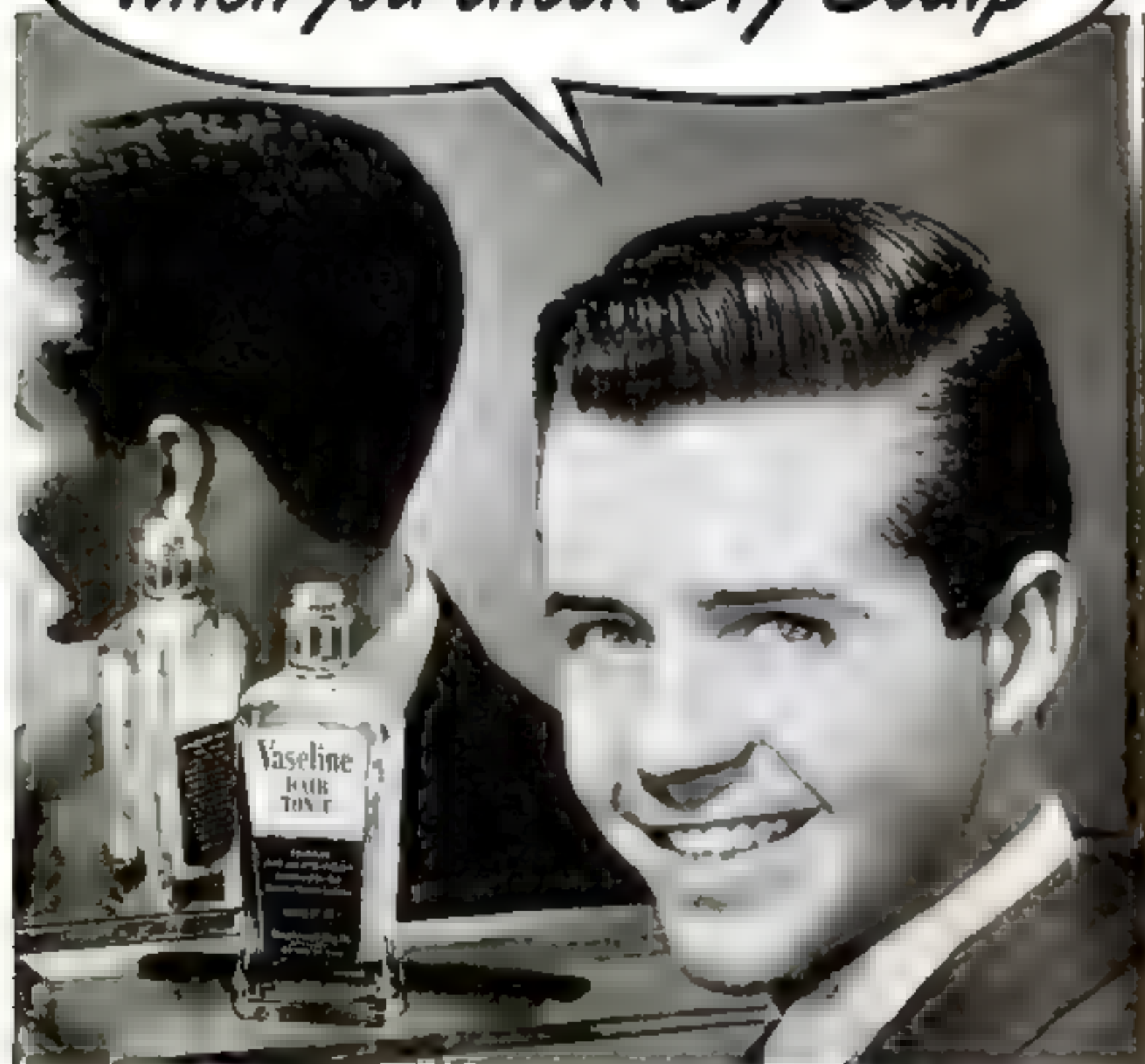


# oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"...IMAGINE ME dancing with a scarecrow! Hope somebody cuts in. How can a man be so careless about his hair? It's straggly, unkempt, and . . . oh-oh—loose dandruff! He's got Dry Scalp, all right. Maybe if I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . ."

*Hair looks better...  
scalp feels better...  
when you check Dry Scalp*



HE TOOK HER TIP, and look at his hair now! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Just a few drops a day, and you'll see an amazing improvement. Checks loose dandruff . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too!

## Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: DR. CHRISTIAN, STARRING JEAN HERSHOLT, ON CBS, WEDNESDAY NIGHTS; LITTLE HERMAN, NEW MYSTERY SHOW, SATURDAY NIGHTS, ON ABC. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.

# LIFE

Vol. 26, No. 1

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

January 3, 1949

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## LIFE'S COVER

Dwight David Eisenhower II, one of the famous babies of 1948 (pp. 5-7), is a young man who likes to chew on a battered piece of oilcloth and pull his dog Lulu's hair. His parents, John and Barbara Eisenhower, chose his name for brevity as well as for sentiment: with a long last name a short first one is easier. Actually the baby is the first of the family to be christened Dwight David. His grandfather's real name is David Dwight Eisenhower, but in early records the Army switched it around and rather than buck red tape Ike left it that way.



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2—YVONNE GREGORY COURTESY THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, NINA LEEN, U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES	49—PHILIPPE HALSMAN
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22—LT. KEYSTONE—INT. BY A.P. W.W.—INT.	66, 67—HERBERT GEHR
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	77—A.P., JOHN PHILLIPS
	80 THROUGH 84—WILLIAM J. SUMITS

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BY TWO OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST MYSTERY WRITERS

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WITH MEMBERSHIP

## Ellery Queen's

LATEST MYSTERY THRILLER "Ten Days' Wonder"



"... a series of crimes in some of which Ellery becomes an accessory with the best intentions, of course."  
—N. Y. Times

**B**IG Diedrich Van Horn's enormous vitality filled every corner of his huge mansion. He spent thousands to make Howard, a founding, into a famous sculptor — and transformed Sally Mason from a slum child into a cultured beauty. Then Diedrich married Sally, and Howard fell in love with her! The two desperate young people tried to keep their passion secret, but inevitably blackmail crashed into their lives.

Much against his will, Ellery Queen agreed to help — and found himself tangled in a pattern of crime too fantastic to believe! Ellery predicted one death, was powerless to prevent another, but not until he searched the darkness of a man's mind did he uncover the answer to the terror that lived in Diedrich's house. Then Ellery acted — in a way that will leave you breathless! Publisher's edition is \$2.50, but you may have your copy FREE—plus a free copy of "And Be a Villain"—when you join the Dollar Mystery Guild.

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Will you accept as a FREE gift the latest sensational REX STOUT mystery thriller... AND the newest, spine-tingling ELLERY QUEEN novel? (Each of these books is now selling for \$2.50 in the regular publisher's edition.) We want to give you these great new thrilling novels BOTH

FREE with membership in the Dollar Mystery Guild to acquaint you with this remarkable new money-saving mystery book club!

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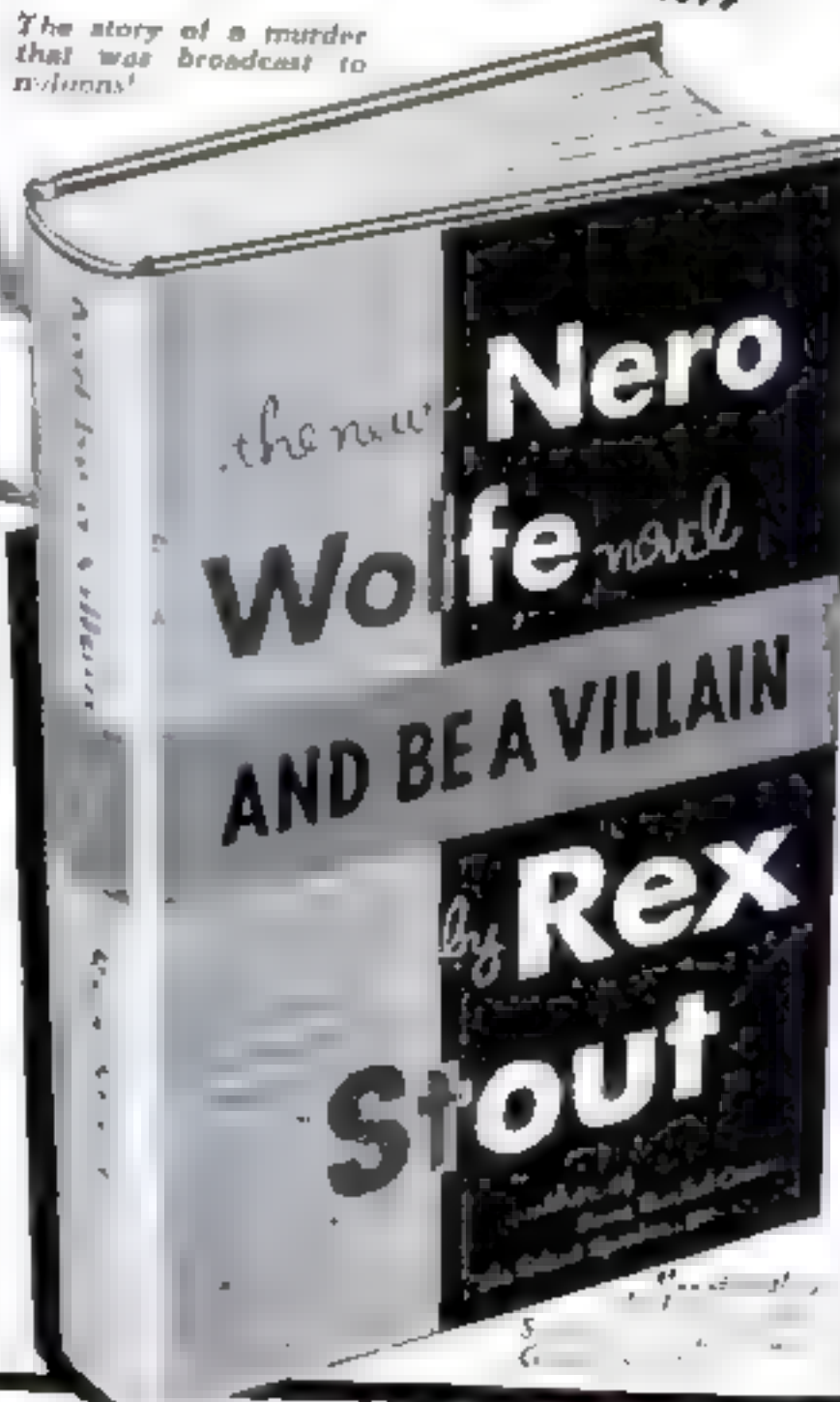
NEW NERO WOLFE MYSTERY "And Be a Villain"

The story of a murder that was broadcast to millions!



**M**ADELINE FRASER'S honeyed voice poured into the microphone like syrup on a waffle. Around the studio table her guests raised high their glasses in a toast to "the soft drink you dream of." Then suddenly, bedlam broke loose! One of Madeline's guests apparently didn't like his drink. He took a single gulp, and fell dead! "Cyanide," declared the doctors. "MURDER!" said the police.

Nero Wolfe quickly decided to take the case. The reason? A little matter of twenty grand! But it meant plenty of leg work, so he tricked the entire police department into doing it for him. Then, facts at hand, Nero astounded everyone with the most brilliant detection of his career! Publisher's edition is \$2.50, but your copy will come to you FREE—plus a free copy of "Ten Days' Wonder"—when you join the Dollar Mystery Guild.



Mail This Coupon Now: **BOTH FREE** With Membership

"Ten Days' Wonder" by ELLERY QUEEN; also "And Be a Villain" by REX STOUT

The Dollar Mystery Guild, Dept. 11M, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me Free BOTH "Ten Days' Wonder" by Ellery Queen and "And Be a Villain" by Rex Stout, and enroll me Free (no fees—no postage—no dues) in the Dollar Mystery Guild. I am to receive *Mystery Guild Clues*, the club's interesting monthly bulletin which describes forthcoming selections, so that I may decide which ones I want to accept. I need take only 4 books a year (out of 24 or more to be offered) and pay only \$1.00 (we pay all shipping charges) for each as my sole membership obligation. After accepting 4 books I may cancel my membership at any time.

Name

Street and No.

City

Zone No. if any  State

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# You can't measure prices with dollars

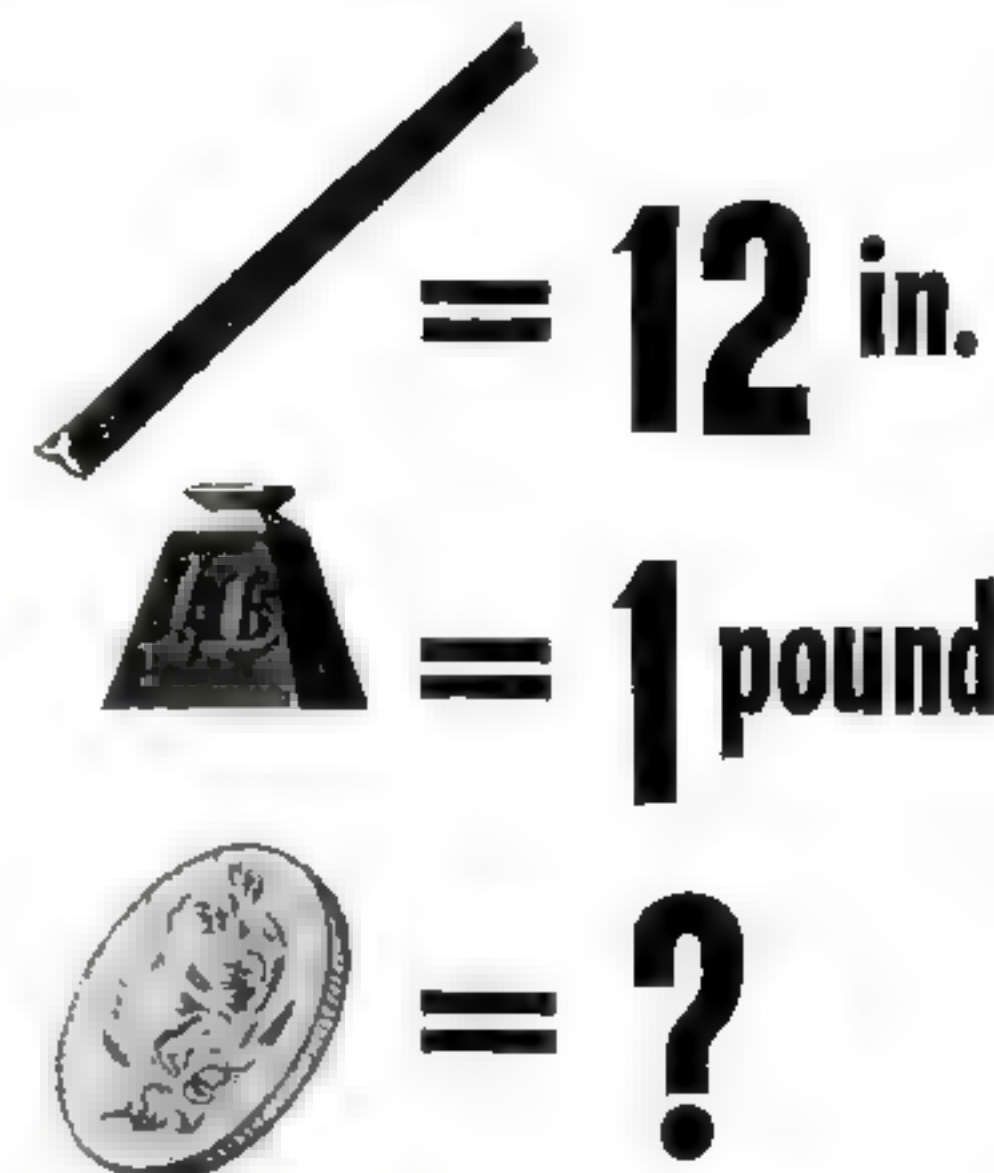


**1. If your 12-year-old son was three feet tall in 1941 when he was 4, and five feet tall today, you can say with complete accuracy that his height has increased 66.6% in 8 years. But if it cost you 60¢ to get his hair cut in 1941, and \$1.00 today, you can't say with complete accuracy that the price of haircuts has increased 66.6% in that same time.**



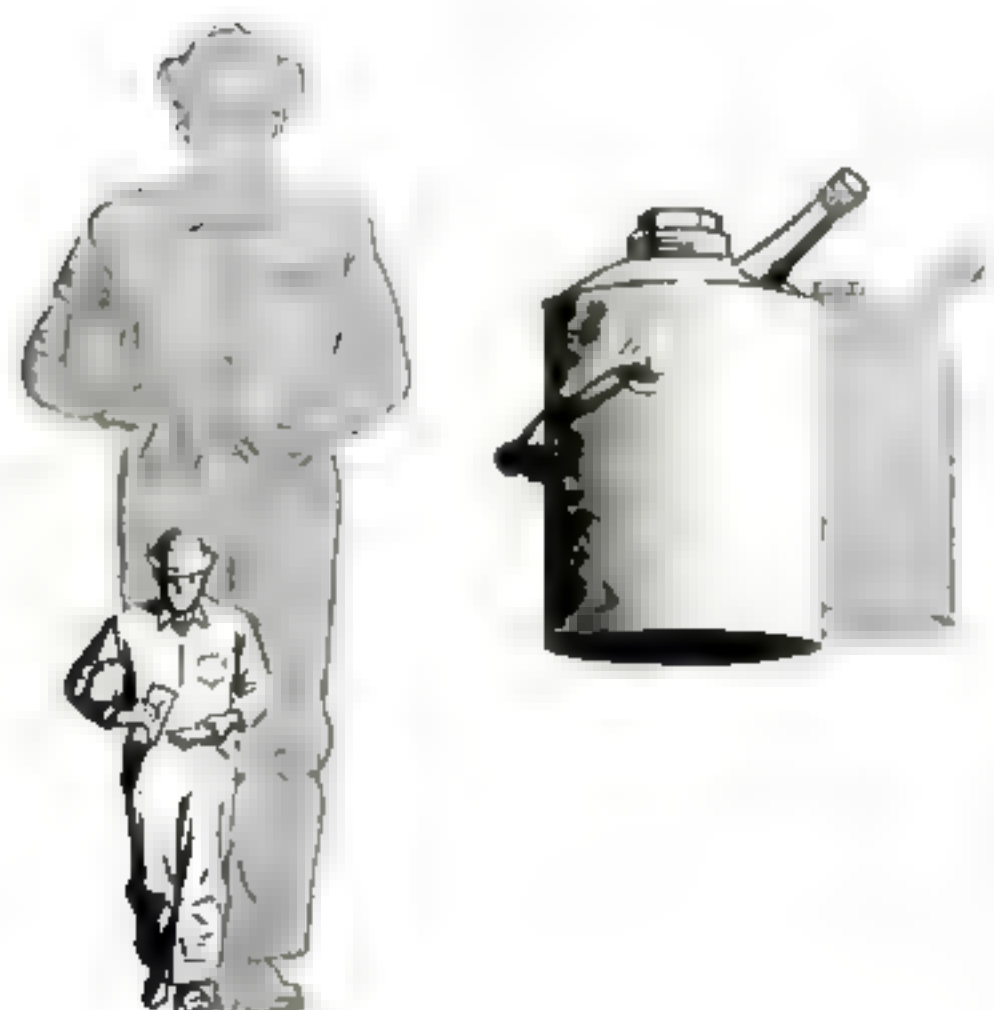
**2. For at today's hourly wage rates the average American gets \$1.00 for the same amount of work that he was paid 60¢ for in 1941.\* Consequently, this particular haircut would cost most people the same number of minutes' work that it did 8 years ago. The price hasn't changed. Furthermore the barber's take hasn't changed. For the dollar he gets today—compared with what a dollar would buy him in 1941—is worth only 60¢.\***

\*U. S. Department of Labor statistics.

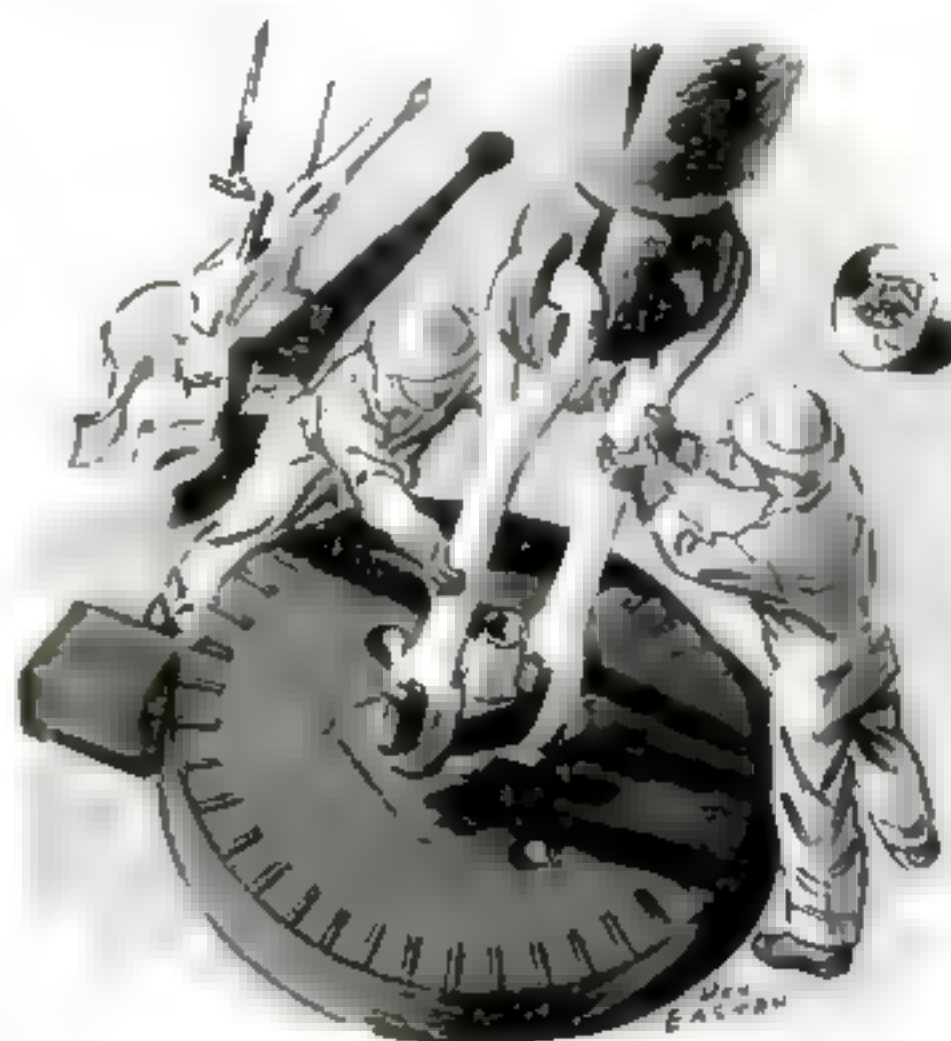


**3. In other words, a foot represents the same distance year in and year out. A pound represents the same weight. But a dollar, year in and year out, seldom represents the same value. That's why you can't use it to measure comparative prices, or wages, or profits. In 1941, for example, the retail price\* of our 76 Gasoline was 14¢ per gallon—excluding State and Federal taxes. Today it is 18.1¢. This represents an increase in money of 29%.**

\*San Francisco—prices vary slightly from city to city.



**4. But since U. S. average hourly wages have gone up more than twice this percentage (approximately 66%), most people can buy our gasoline with fewer minutes' work today than they could in '41. So the true price to them is lower. Furthermore, the dollars we take in—like the dollars the barber takes in—will buy considerably less than they would in '41.**



**5. In 1941, for example, our drilling costs averaged \$8.78 per foot. With 76 Gasoline retailing at 14¢, it took 63 gallons to pay for one foot of drilling. Today our drilling costs average \$15.31 per foot. With 76 retailing at 18.1¢, it takes 85 gallons to pay for one foot of drilling. New pipe line which cost us 21 gallons per foot in 1941 costs 34 gallons today. A two-canopy service station which cost about 90,000 gallons in 1941 costs 160,000 today. Other costs have gone up proportionately.**



**6. The only way we've been able to meet these increased costs without raising gasoline prices proportionately is by increasing our total volume and increasing our efficiency. And this increased efficiency has been largely accomplished by plowing back our so-called "profits" into better machinery, better equipment and better tools.**

**UNION OIL COMPANY  
OF CALIFORNIA**

INCORPORATED IN CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 17, 1890

*This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 14, California.*



# A LAST LOOK AT PEIPING

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY  
HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

By the Yellow Calendar of China, 1948 was a Year of the Rat, and the month of December came in the Eleventh Moon. By any calendar they use, both East and West will probably long remember that in this time—when ice was decking the lakes which mirror the gold roofs of the old Ming palaces—Communist armies drove Peiping's defenders behind the city's high gray walls, and surrounded China's ancient and incomparable northern capital.

As complete isolation drew near, LIFE asked the famous French photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson to fly from Burma to Peiping for a last look at a city which is known the world over for its gracious way of life. He spent 10 days there, working when dust storms (*right*) darkened the December skies and when the sheen of frost made clear days brighter. He got away on Dec. 14, on one of the last civilian planes to leave the last airfield open for normal use. In the middle of war he brought out a warming record of a city and a people whose deep equanimity is still a light in dark times, a nostalgic reminder of a China which has lived through many conquests. The Peiping he saw had known the legions of the barbarian Genghis Khan, the architectural triumphs of the Ming Dynasty (LIFE, April 29, 1946) and the extravagant decay of the Manchus in the long reign of a mighty woman, Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi.

Peiping was not a city of heroes; the people expected the Communists would take the city and they preferred that to seeing it damaged by battle. They were not especially craven: everywhere the desire for peace, no matter what the price, was doing almost as much as the Communists to destroy Chiang Kai-shek's China. The people, who put great faith in lore, remembered last week that the Yellow Calendar says, "If it is fine on the day of Tung Chih (Dec. 22) and the sun is bright, in the next year the people will sing peaceful songs." All across north China the day of Tung Chih was fine and bright.

**THE FORBIDDEN CITY**, a 15th Century group of golden-roofed imperial palaces, finally opened to public in 1924, is nearly obscured by a dust storm. Passing scholar protects nose and mouth with mask.

# LIFE

Vol. 26, No. 1

January 3, 1949







ON A FAIR MORNING A PEIPING TEAHOUSE IS FILLED WITH THOUGHTFUL MEN WHO BRING THEIR BIRDS AND CRICKETS AND NIBBLE WATERMELON SEEDS



**BIRD-WARMER**, a covered cage in old man's hand, shield his pet on strolls.



**WHITE PIGEONS** delight an owner. Tail whistles give a musical flight.



**GRAY THRUSH** goes along for ride as a Peiping news-boy peddles papers.



**BIRD MERCHANT** offers for sale geese, small thrush perched on twig.





**BOXERS**, who relax by exercising and never hit anybody, are a common sight in palace courtyards. Here a class practices beside the Temple of Imperial Ancestors. The supple scholar at left demonstrates defense called "All Directions."

**OLD FRIENDS** meet in Peiping street and visit while clasping hands. The elderly Chinese at the left is a seller of patent medicine who peddles his panaceas from a cloth which is spread out before him on the street, but since he has age, he has respect and dignity

## CITY FINDS SERENITY IN BIRDS AND BOXING

Every Chinese aspires to long life, happiness and—at least until Marx began deifying Leninian views—nobility of the mind and spirit. These virtues found their finest expression in the salubrious northern air of Peiping, in the shadows of palaces and temples and China's greatest universities, where the scholar class rose to an intellectual nobility which outlived the emperors. The scholars' traits, often adopted by other men, came to include a deep serenity that still characterizes the daily life of Peiping. It is common to see long-gowned professors flying kites or riding bicycles decorated with bright whirligigs. Professors and clerks practice Chinese boxing, an unbelligerent mixture of queer ballet and shadowboxing which relaxes mind and body. But Peiping's serenity is best seen in the gentlemanly habit of carrying pet birds and singing crickets as companions. Cartier-Bresson wrote about a teahouse, "The fumes of centuries gone float on the rays of the winter sun. One man flies a bird on a string as he would a kite or toy. Another comes in with his bird covered against the cold. One stirs his cricket with a horsehair and the cricket sings. Now the room is full of the noises of tea sipping, and of bird songs and cricket chirps and smiles."



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





**LONG-GOWNED SCHOLARS**, traditionally most esteemed of China's people, regard Peiping as shrine of their culture. These two are browsing at a book market.



**MERCHANT** Huang Jui, a famous antique dealer who is nearly 70, will stay in his beloved Peiping. But he is worried about his bronzes.



**CHIN QUILT** and fur ear muffs help this aged ricksha rider to bear the icy winds of December.



**SKATERS** ride bicycles onto the palace lake near the Bell and Drum towers (background). Lake froze just before Cartier Bresson left.

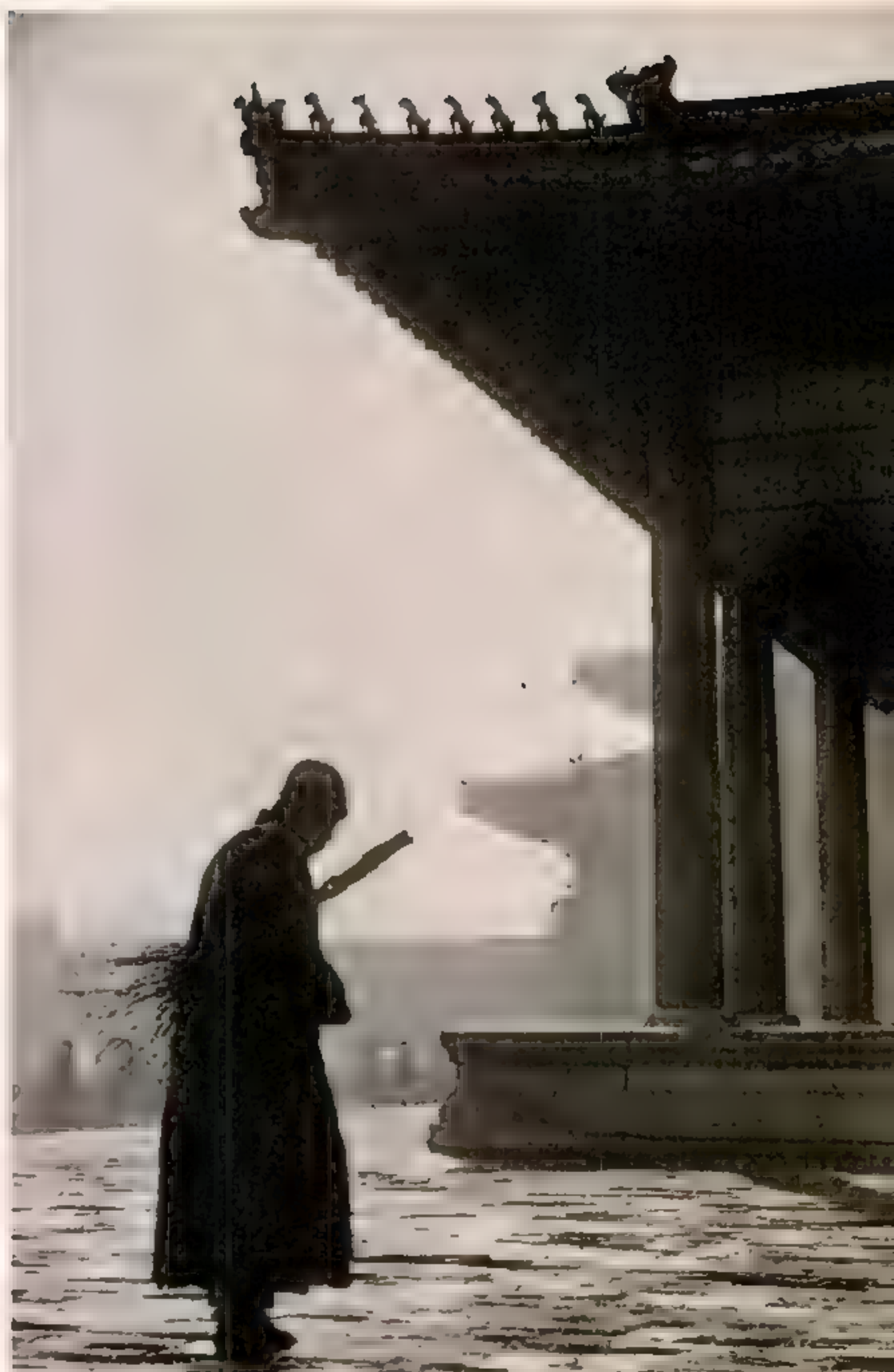




**BLIND FORTUNE TELLER** rings his brass gong as he wanders through one of Peiping's many narrow *hutongs* (lanes) in his search of sooth-seeking clients.



**THE DAY'S WAR NEWS** reaches many Peiping citizens when they pause, while strolling, to read the public bulletin boards erected by local newspapers.



**A PALACE SWEEPER** stops work to warm his hands as the dawn silhouettes tiled roofs of Forbidden City. Small tile figures on eaves ward off spell of evil stars.







**DEFENDERS** on Mongolian ponies guard arch-bordered route to Peiping's south airfield. Reds seized field two days after Cartier-Fresson took this picture.



**MOTHERS** search for faces they know in parade of soldiers suddenly conscripted to defend the city. However no one expected a ready bloody battle for Peiping.





**CITY POLICE**, white helmets reflecting sunlight that pierces the haze over plains of the Forbidden City participate in drills as Communist forces surround and isolate the ancient city.

**CONSOLATION** from soldier is all one mother seeks to search for her son. Like many of those restricted to *harem* in a palace courtyard, he was conscripted before he—and found out another about 1



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



# HISTORY DOES NOT INTERRUPT A WAY OF LIFE

Photographer Cartier-Bresson wrote at Peiping, "Looking at these gentlemen in long robes, I feel that they will hear that the war is over a long time after it has ended. The course of history does not seem to interrupt a way of life." In the theaters there was still Chinese opera, discordant drama that resists the most elemental lessons of harmony but prospers. On the streets there were still the jugglers who perform and pass the skullcap, and peep-show men who sell a look at tiny tableaux in small bottles. Curio dealers still calmly took their

wares to clients' homes, citizens still sought out Peiping delicacies in dark old restaurants, and brides went to weddings in red sedan chairs while great drums pounded. Big funerals, noisy and bright, not solemn—"brilliant offerings to death," Cartier-Bresson called them—still filled the streets with pagentry. Sons watched their ancestors' coffins lowered away as always (*opposite*), but the picture showed very little of death and very much of the durability of custom. Death, like conquest, was incidental in a civilization that keeps on living.

**PEEP SHOWS** are in tiny bottles in Peiping. Bottle showman holds his profits tightly in his right hand.



**CURIO DEALERS** still court their customers by taking their scrolls (*above*) and other wares to show in private homes and large hotels. Without tourists business has been bad.

**MONGOL FOOD**, a Peiping delicacy, is cooked on "firepot" by Chinese army colonel and his girl friend.



**WEDDING DRUMS**, gold-rimmed and played by musicians in green gowns, spread their deep rumbling spell over the city even when soldiers (*background*) fill the streets.

**FUNERAL** procession, as brilliant as a carnival, includes paid mourners who honor a dead matriarch.



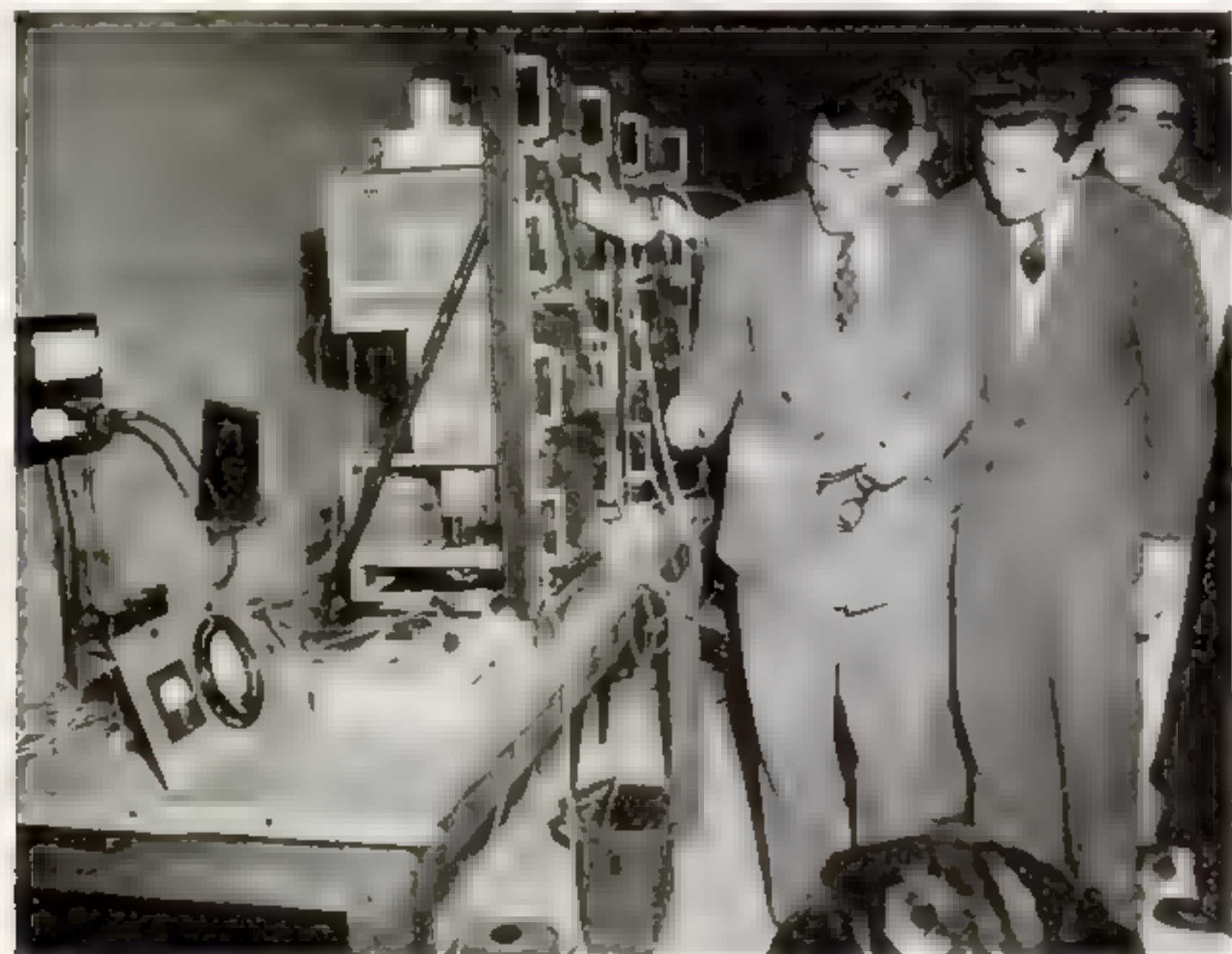
**SERVANTS' EFFIGIES** (*right*), made of paper, will be burned at grave (*opposite*) to assure the deceased matriarch of good help in heaven. The children at left are relatives.





IN THE WHITE CLOTHING TRADITIONAL FOR MOURNERS  
A RICH MAN AND HIS SON GAZE INTO MOTHER'S GRAVE





**ATOM PILE NAMED ZOE** France's new atom pile is being shown off by Frédéric Joliot-Curie (bottom, left), Communist who heads the French Atomic Energy Commission, and his wife (top picture). The pile is the first known outside the U.S., Canada and England. The French call it "Zoe" from the initials of zero energy, oxide and uranium and *eau lourde* (heavy water). They seem strangely unconcerned about its future possibilities and Dr. Joliot-Curie's politics.



**STUBBORN BULL** This bull, facing slaughter in a Chicago packing house, gave up hard. He escaped out the window and is here shown surviving the first of 10 close-range bullets. Finally workmen dragged him off roof by chain, slit his throat.



**BORED PREMIER** At the Christmas circus for children at the Olympia in London, Prime Minister and Mrs. Clement Attlee provided a contrast in expressions. Mrs. Attlee seemed to be enjoying herself. The prime minister just looked morose.



**DEFIANT COUPLE** This couple, defying an ecclesiastical controversy, went right ahead and got married Dec. 18 in London. The groom is Henry Arthur Pears Fisher, 30, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is the head of the Church of England. The bride is Felicity Sutton, 26, a Roman Catholic. The Archbishop of Canterbury's grandchildren will be reared as Catholics.





**ICEBOUND FLIERS** This bleak spot, an icecap in Greenland, is where 11 Air Force men were marooned after their C-47 was forced down. Planes dropped supplies which kept them fed and comparatively safe from the 100-mile winds which battered them. They constructed an igloo (to right of plane's tail) and a rectangular shelter covered with canvas (below igloo). Meanwhile Air Force and Navy planned rescue missions.

**SNOWBOUND GRIDIRON** The professional football player tries to shun hard work whenever possible; he would rather pass the ball than bruse his way through the line and be run out of bounds than tackled. But in the National League play-off at Philadelphia these players had no choice. The east coast's big December snowstorm made them help the groundkeepers haul away a heavy tarpauln so they could play.





# FORECAST FOR '49

IF EVERYONE HAS THE "GIMMES" A DEPRESSION MAY RESULT

Is the year 1949 opening with a change in the economic weather? Mindful that our Cassandras have been mistakenly predicting the worst ever since the end of the war, we hesitate to draw any catch-as-catch-can inferences from the news. Yet certain things are undeniable. For weeks *The Wall Street Journal*, which is as enterprising a newspaper as exists in this country, has been reporting soft spots in the business picture. True, the over-all statistics for 1948 have been astounding—a gross national product of more than \$250 billion, wages high, business profits estimated at some \$22 billion, a record corn crop sold for good prices. But the warning signals have been going up in telltale fashion. Westinghouse has laid off workers in Ohio; unemployment compensation is up in New York State. Prices have been dropping slowly at the grocer's; you can get an electric washer cheaper than a year ago. Even the "new-used" car market isn't what it was when the investigation into automobile sales practices was holding the headlines.

The soft spots are more numerous in New York City than elsewhere. Along Seventh Avenue, capital of the dress industry, there are complaints of an unseasonable slump, with forebodings of worse to come. In the Manhattan men's garment industry 40% of the 50,000 normally employed are either working part time or not working at all. The price of furs has dropped so far that furriers believe the public

will soon start buying furs again. The hotel business is down, tips are growing smaller.

Inasmuch as investment in new plants and spending for durable goods are the keys to general prosperity, it will not do to make too much of a slump that is mainly limited to consumers' goods and the entertainment business. Common sense must tell us that as long as the basic steel industry is straining to fill its orders there can be no great industrial downturn. High-priced houses may be off, but housing demands are still with us. And, while expansion of plant may not keep to 1948 highs, it is noteworthy that big companies are continuing to plow back a fair proportion of their earnings into new construction and equipment.

With the soft spots being countered by the hard spots, 1949 promises to be a year of adjustment to changing patterns of buying and selling, with the good competitor, the good merchandiser, getting the business. If the peak of inflation is indeed past, it makes Truman's pre-election promises of price control look pretty footless: there is no sense putting ceilings on prices that are dropping. Drastically increased armament and foreign-aid spending may, of course, knock all predictions askew, but the probability that 1949 will be a plateau year means that it is time for everybody to begin taking mental inventory of where he stands in relation to economic matters. For a plateau year means that something different is in the

making, and that "something different" can be made better or worse according to the way our minds are working.

Taking inventory of possibilities, it can be said in advance that the stock market will not be the villain in any coming down trend. Where, then, will the fault lie? The government could cause a depression by tax policies whose incidence would be to keep business from expanding its capacity to satisfy new and changing wants. But beyond the government there is the dominant psychology of our age, which lives in the hope of getting a lot out of the other fellow's energy. Business wants its subsidies, the farmer wants his "parity," the worker wants maximum income for minimum effort, big corporations want "safe" markets, the citizen wants both a remission of taxes and a lot more in the way of tax-supported education, medicine and what not. The desire for abundance and service is not reprehensible, for the earth, with the aid of technology, can produce what might be called "calculable abundance." But the point is that we can't have abundance merely by saying "gimme" to the next person; it requires a willingness to forego the subsidy, the monopolized market. When everybody wants to live off the next person's energy the end result is likely to be no energy at all. Let us beware of creating something that might be known to history as the depression that was caused by everyone saying "gimme" at once.

# CHALLENGE IN ASIA

OUR BANKRUPTCY IN CHINA CAN BE RETRIEVED ELSEWHERE

A regime and an era are ending in China. Chiang Kai-shek's day, it seems, is done. His armies are all but smashed and his national party, the Kuomintang, is in ruins. It looks as though the result will be a Communist central government in China, perhaps in the guise of a coalition of Communists and non-Communists. It also appears that most of the Chinese will welcome the end of what has become for them a hopeless and pointless civil war. They want peace, and all the other consequences are for them overshadowed by the promise of peace. It is quite likely that at least for the next two or three years the new order will be welcomed and abetted by most of the Chinese, by the important British business community in China and by much if not all of the American business community in China. If the Communists permit an early period of relative calm and "business as usual," we shall probably find the Chinese and many of our own nationals with business and other interests in China regretting that all this did not come sooner and urging the U.S. government to support and encourage "the new China."

Even so, Americans should never forget that a Communist victory in China is a victory for the Soviet Union and a major disaster for the U.S. The Soviet Union has gained immensely in total manpower and material resources, and General Douglas MacArthur has told the U.S. chiefs of staff that a Communist China consti-

tutes a direct threat to the military security of the U.S. (*LIFE*, Dec. 20). All this adds up to the certainty that a successful Communist regime in China will be bad for the U.S., and that active U.S. aid to that regime will be unthinkable.

But the merely negative recognition of unpleasant facts does not make a policy. What, in the probable future, should U.S. policy toward China be? *LIFE*'s editors do not pretend to know the answers. All we know is that apathy is not the answer; that the U.S. must be everlastingly alert to new conditions as they arise in Asia and everlastingly prepared to seize upon any breaks that may come along. And we know that this alertness can exist only if there is a national will in the U.S. to recover the position that the U.S. has lost in China and has so nearly lost in all Asia.

Given the will to recover China, the U.S. may get more breaks than it now expects. *LIFE* has often said and earnestly repeats that nothing can obliterate the large reserve of goodwill toward the U.S. in China. In the period that followed the Boxer Rebellion and preceded the more recent confusion and indecision, the American policy summed up by the Open Door was intelligent, clear cut and effective. Many other factors—American schools and missions in China, the exchanges of American and Chinese students in the two countries—combined with this policy to form ties which cannot be easily sundered. Many Americans are now de-

termined to stay in China, and perhaps they will accomplish a good deal. Some of our official policy makers think it possible, though not likely, that a "real" coalition of Communists and non-Communists may emerge from the present debacle and that such a government might cooperate in a limited program of U.S. aid with enough safeguards to preserve a minimum American position in China. The chances of the Communists' agreeing to honest coalition and to such a program seem so remote as to be academic, but *LIFE* applauds the spirit which leads the officials concerned to consider any contingency rather than give up entirely.

At best, hopes and possibilities of this kind only point up the extent and humiliation of American bankruptcy in China. The U.S. at the close of 1948 has no policy and no position worth mentioning in China and very little of either in all Asia. A vast area of Asia—India and Pakistan with their 405 million people, Burma, Malaya and Ceylon with their 29 million, Indonesia with its 76 million, Indo-China and Siam with their 42 million—remains to be won or held. The recent American record in China does not suggest that the challenge will be met. But the recent American record in Europe, where a positive policy positively supported has on the whole worked very well, shows what the U.S. can do when it has the will to act. Despite the great disaster in China, Asia is lost only if Americans choose to lose it.



*Campbell's* BEEF NOODLE SOUP...ONE OF THE *NEWEST!*  
ONE OF THE *FINEST!*



## BEEF STOCK...

slow-simmered from  
rich, flavorful beef

## NOODLES...

golden and tender, add  
their hearty nourishment

## PIECES OF BEEF...

generously ladled in, to make  
this soup extra-good eating

...and one of the best-liked!

No sooner was Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup introduced than people took to it—made it a family favorite wherever it was tried.

Women discovered that this good soup holds a lot of helpful mealtime answers. Husbands enjoy the rich, full flavor of its beef stock... the generous pieces of beef. Children like its grand taste of beef, and the golden egg noodles that make it extra hearty. So mothers serve it often, thankful for its beef nourishment in these days of meat-short meals.

*Campbell's*

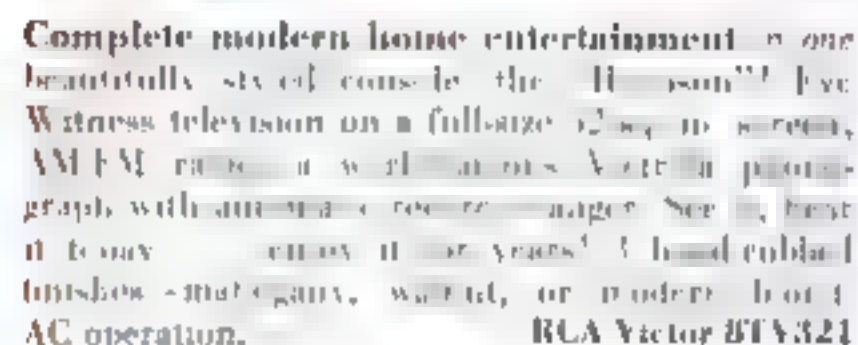
BEEF NOODLE SOUP



I coil a loop  
And give a fling  
Round this good soup—  
'Then Boy! I sing'







**"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.**  
**DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA**





MRS. CHARLES DANA GIBSON LEADS THE GRAND MARCH WITH WINTHROP ALDRICH, PRESIDENT OF THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK (ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST)

## BALL FOR A GIBSON GIRL

The famous artist's widow is the belle of the ball as New York high society recalls its splendid past

Around the turn of the century a graceful, slim-waisted, high-coiffed type of beauty called the Gibson Girl became America's ideal. No model posed more often for her creator, Charles Dana Gibson, than his wife Irene, one of the five famous Langhorne sisters of Virginia. Gibson Girls affected the dress and posture and manners and flirtations of a generation of American girls.

Now a stately and still handsome widow of 75, Mrs. Gibson presided last week at the first of a series of annual Gibson Girl balls given by New York high

society for the Child Placing and Adoption Committee of the State Charities Aid Association. The ball was a smashing success; the most mellifluous and wealthy names of two continents were represented. The women were beautiful, and some brushed their hair in pompadours to recapture the atmosphere of the turn of the century. But the ball looked like any other modern society ball: the mixture of opulence and gaiety, haughtiness and coquetry that marked the Gibson drawings belongs to the American past. There are no more Gibson Girls.

MRS. GIBSON HAD A GREAT TIME CHATTING GAILY WITH (LEFT TO RIGHT) EX-CONGRESSWOMAN RUTH PRATT, ROBERT THAYER AND OLD FRIEND NEAL RANTOUL





## Gibson Girl Ball CONTINUED



**PREBALL DINNER** given by Mrs. Oleg Cassin (better known as Actress Gene Tierney) brings together (left to right) Prince Alexander Hohenzollern, Mrs. Igor Cassin (whose husband is society gossip columnist Cholly Knickerbocker), Charles Engelhard, Mrs. Oleg Cassin, Guy Rutherford.



**DINNER FOR MRS. GIBSON** (seated in the far corner) was given in Park Avenue apartment by wealthy architect T. Markoe Robertson. The man seated in right foreground is Rowland Burnston, secretary of the State Charities Aid Association, for the benefit of which the ball was given.



**ANGIER BIDDLE DUKES** gave another dinner in their apartment under a painting of Angier and his brother Tony as children. The Dukes are heirs to one of America's great tobacco fortunes and are well known to readers of society pages. Mrs. Duke is second from the left in foreground.



**CLASSIC GIBSON GIRL PROFILE** belonging to a young Englishwoman, Denise Lawson Johnston, is silhouetted against the elegantly ornamented ballroom of the Hotel Plaza, itself a survivor of the Gibson Girl era. Mood of the

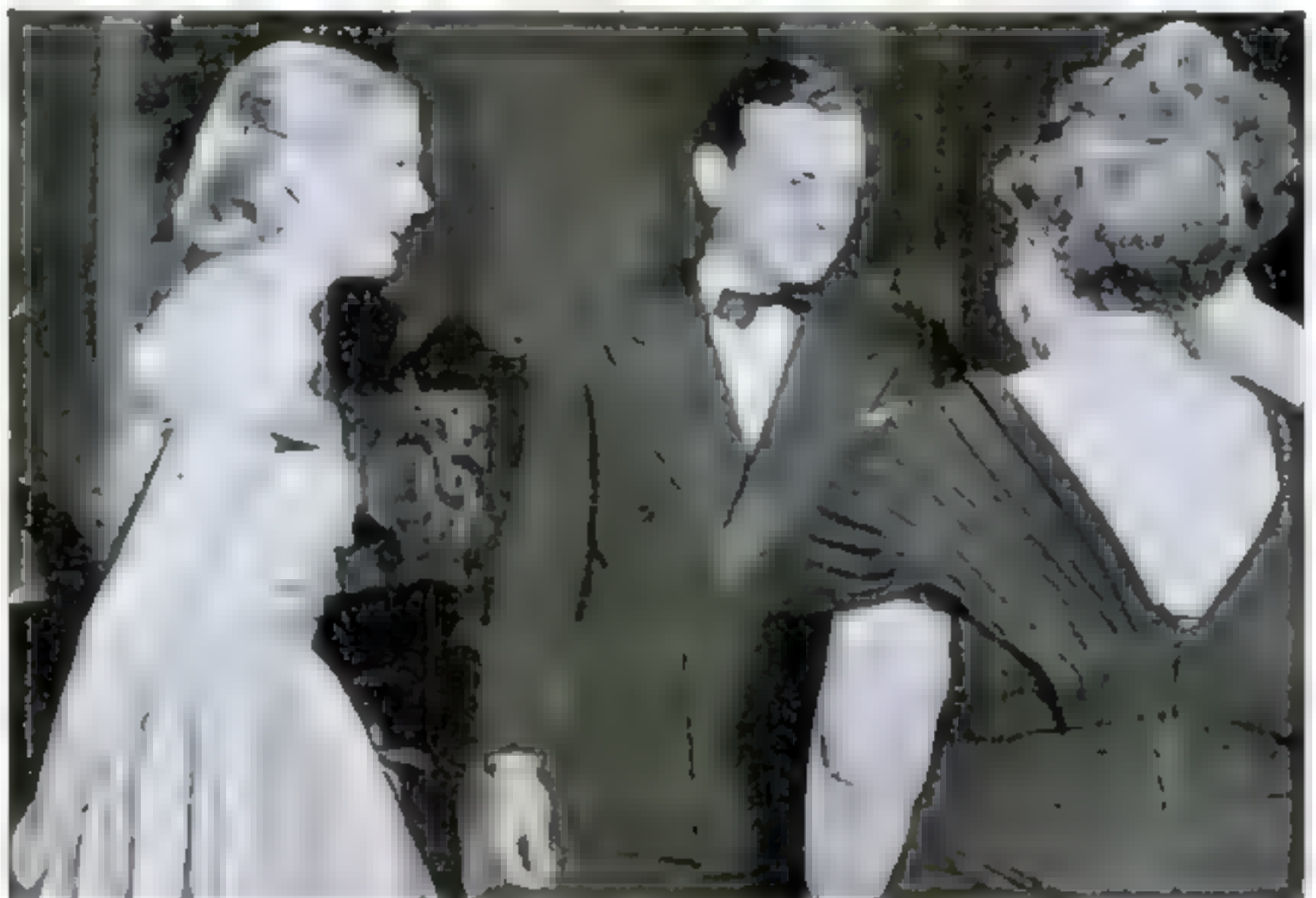




ball was conscientiously nostalgic, with the orchestra playing a steady stream of old-time waltzes, one-steps and fox trots through the night. The ball marked Mrs. Gibson's 70th birthday and her 25th year as chairman of this charity.



**WILLIAM S. PALEY**, chairman of the board of the Columbia Broadcasting System, gains a celebrity at his beautiful wife Barbara at a table by the dance floor. She is one of the "Influers" of the late brain surgeon Harvey Cushing. Others: Mrs. Vincent Astor and Mrs. John Hay Whitney.



**SHARMAN DOUGLAS** (left), daughter of the U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain, and the Marchioness of Milford Haven chat with columnist Elsa Maxwell. Milford Haven, a relative of the British royal family who is doing relations in the U. S., is rated the season's No. 1 visiting social lion.



**GILBERT MILLER** (right) strikes a pose befitting a highly successful theatrical producer (his current presentation, *Edward M. Korn*, is one of the stand-out hits of this season on the Broadway) before a few top boys for some tame talk with T. Markoe Robertson and Mrs. Edgar Lyre.



GLAMOROUS STAR OF OPERA...SCREEN...SAYS...

"For dream hands,  
Cream your hands"



Try her method for only 3 days...a 12-second  
hand massage with non-sticky, non-greasy

# Pacquins Hand Cream

...in the morning...at night...  
whenever your skin needs softening

SEE FOR yourself! Massage your hands  
with snowy, fragrant Pacquins...  
morning...night...whenever your skin  
is rough, chapped, or dry and you'll know  
why Pacquins is the choice of so many  
famous beauties!

Your own hands will tell you why!  
They'll be so much softer...smoother...  
truly patrician!

Pacquins is even more important if  
household tasks have roughened and dried  
your hands. Soothe them...smooth them

...help keep them beautifully groomed  
with Pacquins. It's so easy to use...non-  
greasy, non-sticky...never any waste or  
spillage. Keep that jar of Pacquins handy  
...Do as opera star Gladys Swarthout  
does...for dream hands--CREAM them  
regularly with Pacquins!



OLENYA WESTBROOK, R. N.,  
adds, "Pacquins action on  
the hands is wonderful.  
We nurses scrub our hands  
30 to 40 times a day.  
Pacquins Hand Cream was  
made for us. I use it faith-  
fully" (Pacquins was origi-  
nally formulated for the  
use of nurses and doctors.)

Among the famous stars  
who use Pacquins are:  
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE  
VERA ZORINA  
HILSE STEVENS  
LYNN FONTAINE



Also  
for extra dry skin  
red label Pacquins  
contains lanolin!

ON SALE AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS  
IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA

## Gibson Girl Ball CONTINUED



TYPICAL GIBSON DRAWING shows the regular features, the roguishly  
haughty air and piled-up hair which represented the artist's feminine ideal.  
Mrs. Gibson looked very much like this when the artist married her in 1895.  
The marriage, which was an impetuous one, took place on their third meeting.



ANOTHER LANGHORNE SISTER, Nancy, married Viscount Astor, be-  
came first woman to sit in Britain's House of Commons. World-famed for her  
sharp tongue, Lady Astor is here seen at a state occasion wearing, among other  
jewelry, a tiara set with the Sancy diamond which belonged to Queen Elizabeth.



# Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

Always milder Better tasting Cooler smoking

"In my home,  
guests always insist on  
Chesterfields  
because they're so MILD"

*Joan Fontaine*  
CO-STARRING WITH JAMES STEWART

"YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY"  
A WILLIAM BOZIER PRESENTATION  
A RAMPART PRODUCTION  
A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL RELEASE



Chesterfield buys the best sweet, MILD cigarette tobacco. I have been a steady Chesterfield smoker for over 30 years.

*Van W Daniel*

FARMER, RUFFIN, N.C.

FOR A FULL LIST OF CHESTERFIELD SMOKERS, SEE THE LIST OF FARMERS



# Delicious Recipe for After-Christmas Budgets



DID YOU SAY your food budget has the blues? Well, then —

Hunt's Tomato Sauce is your food discovery of the year! Hunt's really helps make your food money go farther — yet pleases your folks with wonderful dishes.

And don't let the low, low price of this cooking sauce fool you! For Hunt's Tomato Sauce is slowly *kettle-simmered*. All tomato, seasoned just exactly right. Why —

You can't buy a finer tomato sauce! And once you try Hunt's, you'll never bother to make your own.

So cook Hunt's into your stews, soups, rice and macaroni dishes. Baste meat loaf with it — and taste the *wonderful* gravy! Use it with leftovers!

Remember — Hunt's is the *low-cost* way to buy tomatoes for cooking. The *quality* brand for a few cents a can. Do try it soon!



## ...Noodles and Sausage with



### Noodles and Sausage

1 lb. bulk or link sausage      1 cup sliced celery  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sliced onion      1 tsp. salt       $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. sage, if desired  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  tsp. pepper      2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce       $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water  
 3 cups cooked egg noodles (16 oz. package)

Form bulk sausage into 8 small cakes. Cook cakes or links, over low heat, until browned on all sides. Remove from fat. Drain off and fat left  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup. Add celery and onions to fat in pan and cook until lightly browned. Add seasonings, Hunt's Tomato Sauce, water, and sausage. Cover and simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Place hot noodles on platter, pour sauce over noodles. Makes 4 servings.

Hunt-for the best





KEEDOOZLE IS HOUSED IN A FORMER QUONSET HUT

# THE KEEDOOZLE

By applying juke-box principles to groceries, it cuts prices 10%

Last week in Memphis, Tenn. an establishment bearing the mysterious name of Keedoozle was doing a thriving grocery business. The first successful application of the Automat or juke-box principle to the grocery trade, the Keedoozle had a high novelty value. But it was also underselling even the big chain groceries by 10%. As a result housewives came from all over to inspect and buy.

Latest brain child of Clarence Saunders (p. 36), who gave the U.S. the Piggly Wiggly stores 32 years ago, Keedoozle is almost completely automatic. On entering the customer takes a "key"—an aluminum mechanism that holds a roll of paper tape—to display cases containing samples of all goods sold. For each purchase she puts the key in a slot (below), presses a button. This records her purchase on the tape by punching a pattern of holes. When her complete order has been punched on the tape, she takes the key to a cashier at the front of the store. In a few seconds Keedoozle's mechanism (next page) delivers the order to the customer, waiting in a pleasant lounge near the door.



**OPERATION BEGINS** when, with "key" in slot, customer presses a button corresponding to item desired.



**HOLDING HER KEY**, a customer studies the groceries displayed behind glass in the bright, neat store.

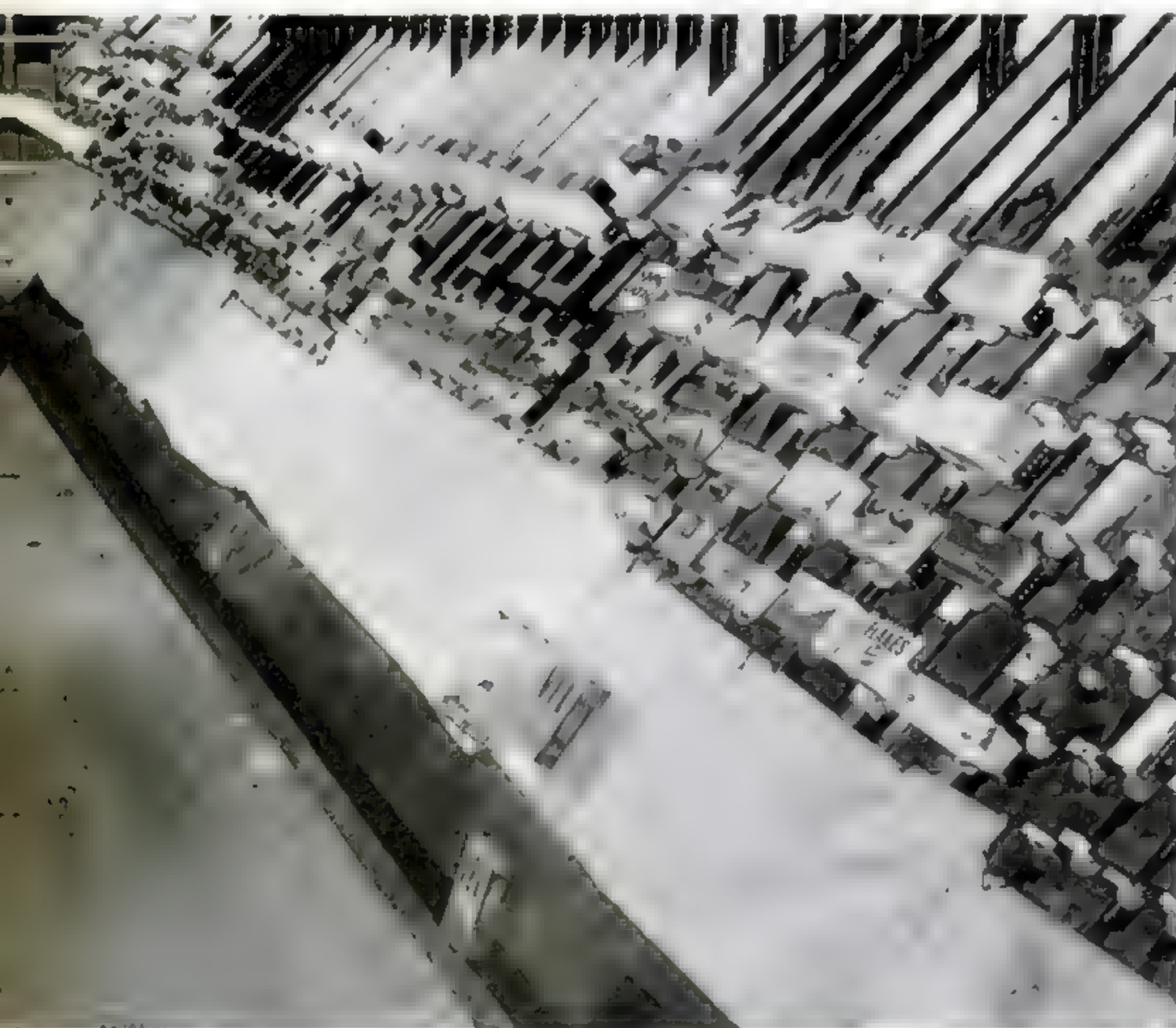
Thus far it is equipped to handle only canned and cartoned things and not fresh meats and fresh vegetables.





**IN THE SUPPLY ROOM** attendants work constantly to keep Keedoozle chutes filled with groceries. Saunders

claims it takes only seven people to operate a Keedoozle against 14 people to man a comparable supermarket.



**GOODS DROP** from the chutes onto a conveyor belt when electrical impulse from the translator trips chute

mechanism. Saunders spent a million dollars perfecting the Keedoozle which he says eliminates shoplifting.

## Keedoozle CONTINUED



**SELECTIONS MADE** and recorded on tape, customer gives key to cashier, whose "translator" totals prices.



**MACHINERY STARTS** when punched tape is fed into another translator, which actuates chute system.



**CONVEYOR BELT** carries items from chutes to a packer who sacks order and puts sack on roller conveyor.



**ROLLERS** carry her order to the customer in the lounge. Keedoozle markup is a mere 1/2¢ to 3¢ an item.

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 36**



# Your skin knows the difference

## **Tissues designed to "work" with creams—**

Pond's beauty Tissues, made by the makers of Pond's Creams, are specially processed to take up cleansing oils and soiled make-up thoroughly. Their firmer, softer, "crepe de chine" finish wipes clean—without tearing. Leaves skin immaculate!

## **MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR. SAYS:**

"I've always felt that Pond's were the tissues whose quality stood out from all the others. Their firm, smooth texture makes them a joy to use!"

## **MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT SAYS:**

"During the shortages, when I couldn't always get Pond's Tissues, I learned *really* to appreciate their wonderful quality. It's awfully nice now to be able to get all I need."

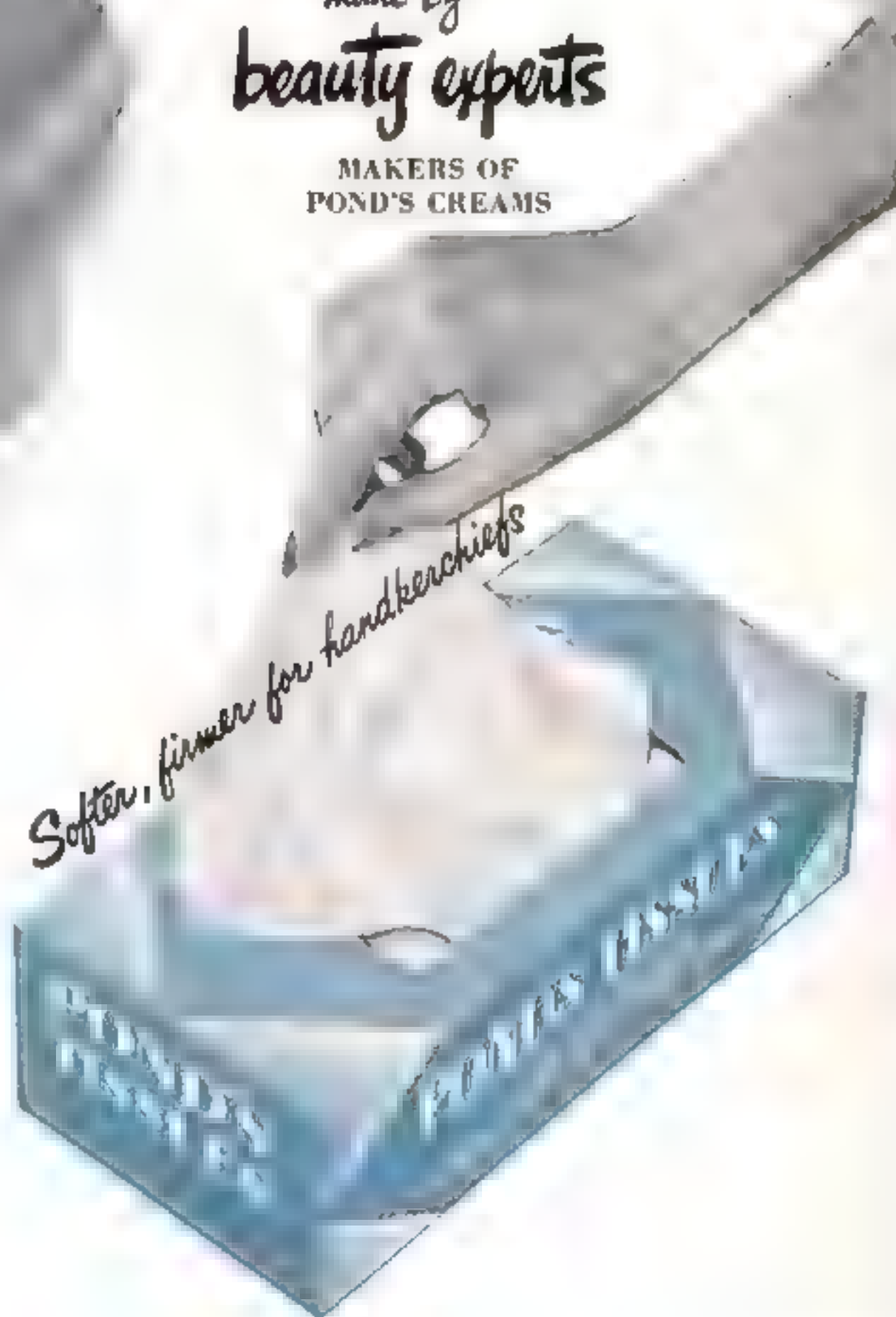
Pond's  
beauty Tissues  
made by  
beauty experts

MAKERS OF  
POND'S CREAMS

## **Ideal for handkerchiefs, of course—**

Smoother, firmer, more absorbent—Pond's beauty Tissues are extra gentle to tender, chapped noses. "Vacuumized" to remove lint, they are ideal handkerchiefs for colds, hay fever. Sanitary, disposable. And each Pond's Tissue is *clean* when it touches your face—because it *stays in the box* until you whisk it out—snowy-white and *clean*.

**Dozens of other uses—**The strength and "blotting" quality of Pond's Tissues make clean-ups of every kind quick and easy. Use them from dressing table to nursery to automobile! Pond's beauty Tissues *cost no more* than regular tissues. Get an "all-family" supply today.





**PALL MALL's** *greater length*

*filters the smoke  
on the way  
to your throat*



*Filters the smoke  
and makes it mild*



Discover for yourself why so many of your friends have changed to the longer, finer cigarette—PALL MALL. Its greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos serves as a longer, natural filter to screen and cool the smoke on the way to your throat—yes, filters the smoke and makes it mild. Thus PALL MALL gives you a *smoothness, mildness and satisfaction* no other cigarette offers you. Enjoy the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package—PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes—good to look at, good to feel, good to taste, and good to smoke.

**OUTSTANDING** *and they  
are mild*

**Keedoozle** CONTINUED



**CLARENCE SAUNDERS** holds the key to Keedoozle and perhaps his third fortune. No technician, he hired engineers to develop Keedoozle's machinery.

## SAUNDERS IS SURE KEEDOOZLE WILL BUILD HIS THIRD FORTUNE

There is a widely accepted theory that Clarence Saunders got the name for his new store from the phrase "Key does all." But Saunders, a soft-spoken man who has made and lost two tremendous fortunes, has confided that Keedoozle actually doesn't mean anything at all. "I just thought it up out of my noodle," says Saunders. As a matter of fact, he picked Keedoozle from 100 other names that he also thought up out of his noodle because he felt it was a word that could not readily be imitated. He has not forgotten that years ago when his famed Piggly Wiggly chain of groceries was making millions a rival chain blossomed under the infamous title of Hoggly Woggly.

To Saunders, now 67, Keedoozle is "my final plunge." Few other living Americans have plunged so spectacularly. Son of an indigent tobacco grower, Saunders was 9 years old before he got around to opening a schoolbook and he closed it soon after. As a young salesman of wholesale groceries in Memphis he organized his customers into a cooperative chain and opened a model store. This was the first of the series of self-service stores which Saunders called Piggly Wiggly. Enormously successful, 1,260 Piggly Wiggly stores were doing \$100 million worth of business a year when Saunders got into a stock-control battle in Wall Street and went suddenly and dramatically broke in 1923. He borrowed \$2,900, built a second chain of 675 stores called "Clarence Saunders—Sole Owner of My Name" and was doing a \$60 million annual business when the Depression struck. Receivership followed. Undaunted, Saunders first announced Keedoozle in 1936. He built four experimental stores between 1937 and 1946 but mechanical bugs always developed. During a Chicago demonstration one such very nearly cost the life of a reporter under an avalanche of canned turnips.

Now all the bugs appear to have been ironed out and Saunders is certain that Keedoozle is his merchandizing masterpiece. He points out that in his modest-sized Memphis store (20 by 60 feet) a single cashier can handle five customers a minute, a rate that could be equaled only by a battery of 10 cashiers in the ordinary supermarket. Despite prices 10% lower than in competing stores he can make a 7½% profit on this huge turnover. Although last week the Memphis store was doing a roaring business, Saunders does not plan to operate more stores himself. Instead, Saunders Automatic Systems Corporation will sell Keedoozle's intricate equipment to grocers (for about \$50,000), superintend their operations and accept ⅓ of 1% of the gross for the use of the Keedoozle name. "In five years," says Saunders happily, "there will be a thousand Keedoozles throughout the U.S., selling \$5 billion worth of goods."



SAMUEL GOLDWYN *presents*

# "Enchantment"

**JUST ABOUT THE MOST WONDERFUL LOVE STORY EVER FILMED!**



STARRING

DAVID NIVEN • TERESA WRIGHT • EVELYN KEYES • FARLEY GRANGER

*Screen Play by John Patrick • From the Novel by Rumer Godden • Directed by IRVING REIS • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.*

ANOTHER "BEST" FROM THE PRODUCER OF "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"





**CARIBBEAN VACATION LIFE** aboard a yacht means warm lazy days, sparkling blue waters and brilliant sunshine, all epitomized in this picture of Lucille

Gaston of New York relaxing on the deck of *Man o'War*, a 12-foot auxiliary ketch. It is moored in the harbor of Charlotte Amalie in the Virgin Islands.



# Caribbean Winter



CLOSE-HAULED "STARLIGHT" NEARS PORT



**DURING A CALM** along the Bahama Banks, the guest-crewmen aboard the *Starlight* take in her staysail. Shown en route from Nassau to Cat Cay, the *Star-*

*light*, owned by Boat-builder James B. Brickell of Miami and Essex, Conn., is a 44-foot cutter, one of some 200 ocean-racing yachts along the eastern seaboard.

## YACHTSMEN FOLLOW THE SUN TO CRUISING PARADISE

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY ELIOT ELISBERG

The Caribbean's graceful necklace of tropical islands and its sunny waters were the first glimpse of the New World caught by many early explorers. For men seeking India's riches these pleasant things were not enough; civilization pushed on. Thus comparatively ignored, the Caribbean grew up in its own leisurely way. Four centuries later the civilization that pushed on to the cold north and rugged west is turning back to the Caribbean as an idyllic place to vacation, settle or retire.

This season an estimated 100,000 Americans will invade it by ship or plane. Some will come on private yachts like the *Starlight* (above) and the

*Man o' War* (opposite). These fortunate ones will enjoy the Caribbean best of all, spending their time sailing, exploring or lounging on deck. There are many reasons for the Caribbean's new popularity. One is that, having been settled by colonists from Britain, France, Spain, Holland and Denmark, it offers a poor man's tour of Europe. Another is its infinite variety, ranging from Havana's Parisian sophistication to the magnificent empty beaches of the Virgin Islands, newest Caribbean attraction. Most potent of all is the Caribbean itself, eternally picturesque and relaxing, with hurricanes conveniently confined to about eight weeks of early fall.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





**AFTER THE STORM** Bonnie Brickell (center) and friends haul in the taffrail log, remove seaweed from

it. Below: A three-man watch is kept at night to look for unlighted native boats. Owner Brickell is at left.



## *Cruise to Cat Cay*

### **IT IS A PLEASANTLY RUGGED EXPERIENCE**

The pleasantest way to get to the Caribbean is on your own or someone else's yacht. For the Caribbean area, in which yachtsmen usually include the Bahamas, is a cruising paradise of the Western Hemisphere: pleasantly brisk sea, swept by steady-blowing trade winds and studded with big islands like Cuba and Haiti and thousands of uninhabited smaller islands.

These pictures show a typical cruise. The *Starlight*, skippered by Owner James Brickell, entered the annual Miami to Nassau race and lost. In Nassau, where their wives flew to meet them, the crew-guests won the Governor's Cup Race and then, after the usual postrace celebration at the Nassau Yacht Club, departed for Cat Cay, a tiny but fashionable islet 50 miles east of Miami. The cruise took 18 hours longer than usual because a squall blew up off the Bahama Banks. Carrying 10 people instead of its normal complement of six, the cutter was crowded. Her guests lived on plain cruise fare and routed each other out to stand four-hour watches day and night. It was strenuous, but everyone agreed there was no better way to spend a vacation.





**SEEKING** Brown's Nine Foot Channel, the hazardous entrance to Cat Cav, all hands watch for coral reefs, take soundings (left)



**IMPROVED BUNK** of pillows in the cockpit is used by the Brickells since their guests occupied all the cabin sleeping space.



**CHINESE SHOWER** bath is just a bucket of salt water. Shaving, if any, is usually done over the rail.

**"CHOW DOWN"** takes place on deck. It consists of substantial but canned foods like hash or stew.







# *Biggest Yacht*

**"SEA CLOUD" CRUISES CARIBBEAN**

There are thousands of yachts in the U.S. big enough to cruise the Caribbean although relatively few venture far into its 1,500-by-60 mile area. Biggest of them all and, in fact, the biggest yacht in the world, is the fabulous *Sea Cloud* pictured above. A Caribbean visitor virtually every winter, the *Sea Cloud* is owned by Mrs. Joseph E. Davies, heiress to the Post breakfast food millions and wife of the wartime ambassador to Moscow.





Last winter the Davies' yacht guests in the Caribbean included the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

The four-masted auxiliary bark is 316 feet long, draws 19 feet of water and has a gross tonnage of 2,313. Its tallest spar is 190 feet above the waterline, and its full suit of 30 sails comprises 36,000 square feet of canvas. It takes 40 crewmen a full hour to raise all sails. The *Sea Cloud*

served on the hazardous Murmansk supply route during World War II.

Fittings are luxurious. The owner's quarters are handsome individual bedrooms and baths, French décor for Mrs. Davies, English paneling for Mr. Davies. There are six guest cabins, gold plated wash basins, a bar and English smoking room, a \$4,500 set of china. Built in Kiel in 1931, during the Depression, the *Sea Cloud* cost well over one million dollars.

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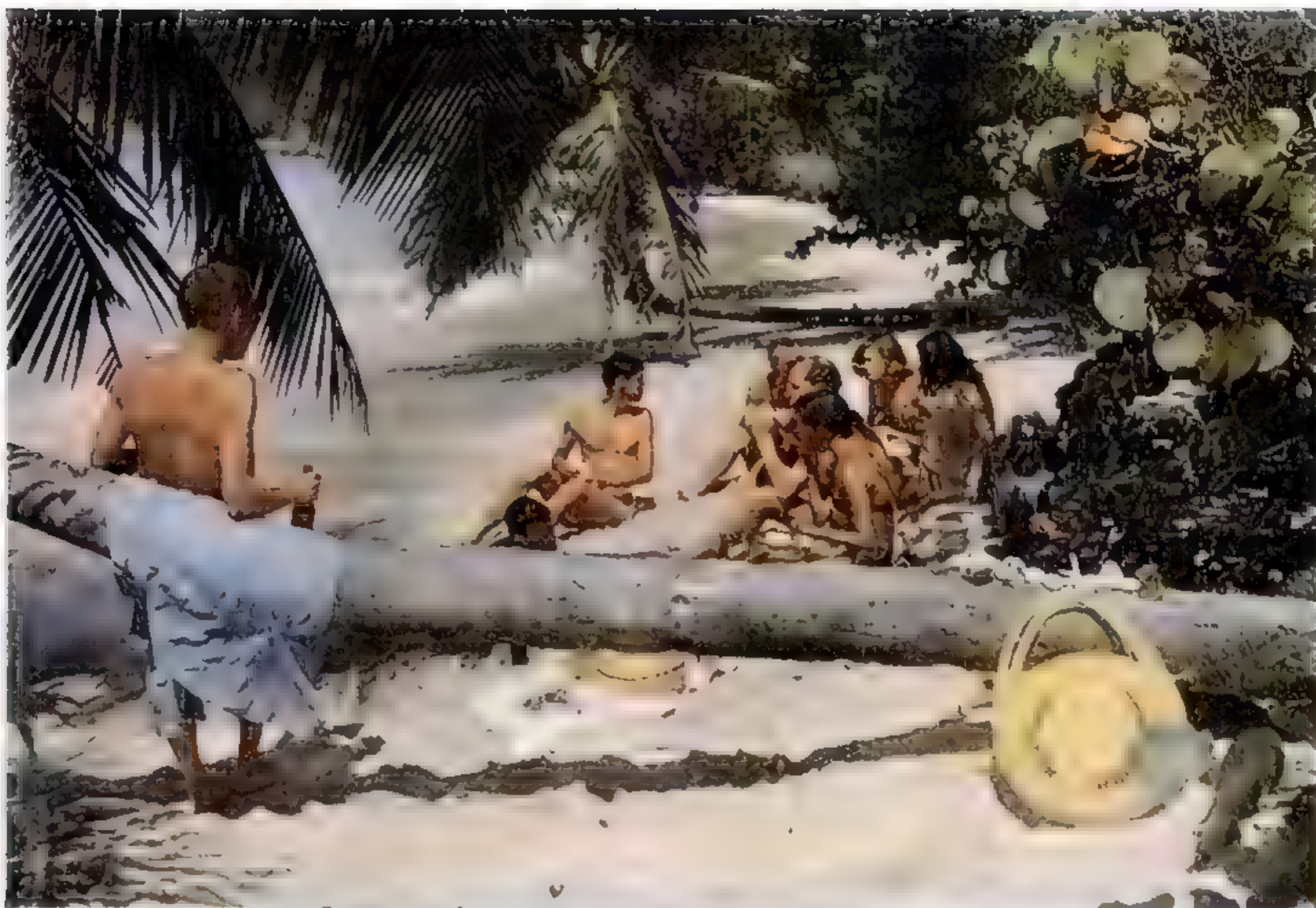


**CHARLOTTE AMALIE**, capital of St. Thomas, is a small (pop. 9,000) immaculate city built on three hills. Wedge-shaped scar on hill (right) is a rain-cut breach.

**HARBOR** of Charlotte Amalie (*below*) is among Caribbean's finest, deep-channelled and protected from wind. The Virgin Islands are most easterly U.S. outpost.







**BEACH PICNICS** are daily routine for tourists. Hotels put up lunches and drive guests to beach.

# *The Virgin Islands*

## **THEY ARE SLEEPY, BEAUTIFUL, INEXPENSIVE**

The Virgin Islands, which the U.S. bought from Denmark for \$25 million in 1917, are the newest Caribbean tourist "discovery." This is rather curious since the three main islands, St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John, total only 132 square miles, are a full 1,140 miles southeast of Florida and contain accommodations for only

350 visitors, although more hotels and guest houses are building. One attraction is the Islands' short six weeks' residence requirement for a divorce. Another is the lack of "dress-for-dinner" resort atmosphere. The biggest lure of all, however, are the Islands' beaches and pastel towns where a tourist can live for \$8 a day.



**IN DOWNTOWN AREA** of Charlotte Amalie tourists find many bargains since Islands are not subject to federal excise taxes. Imported perfumes are half the mainland price, Scotch whisky \$3, cigars 10¢.

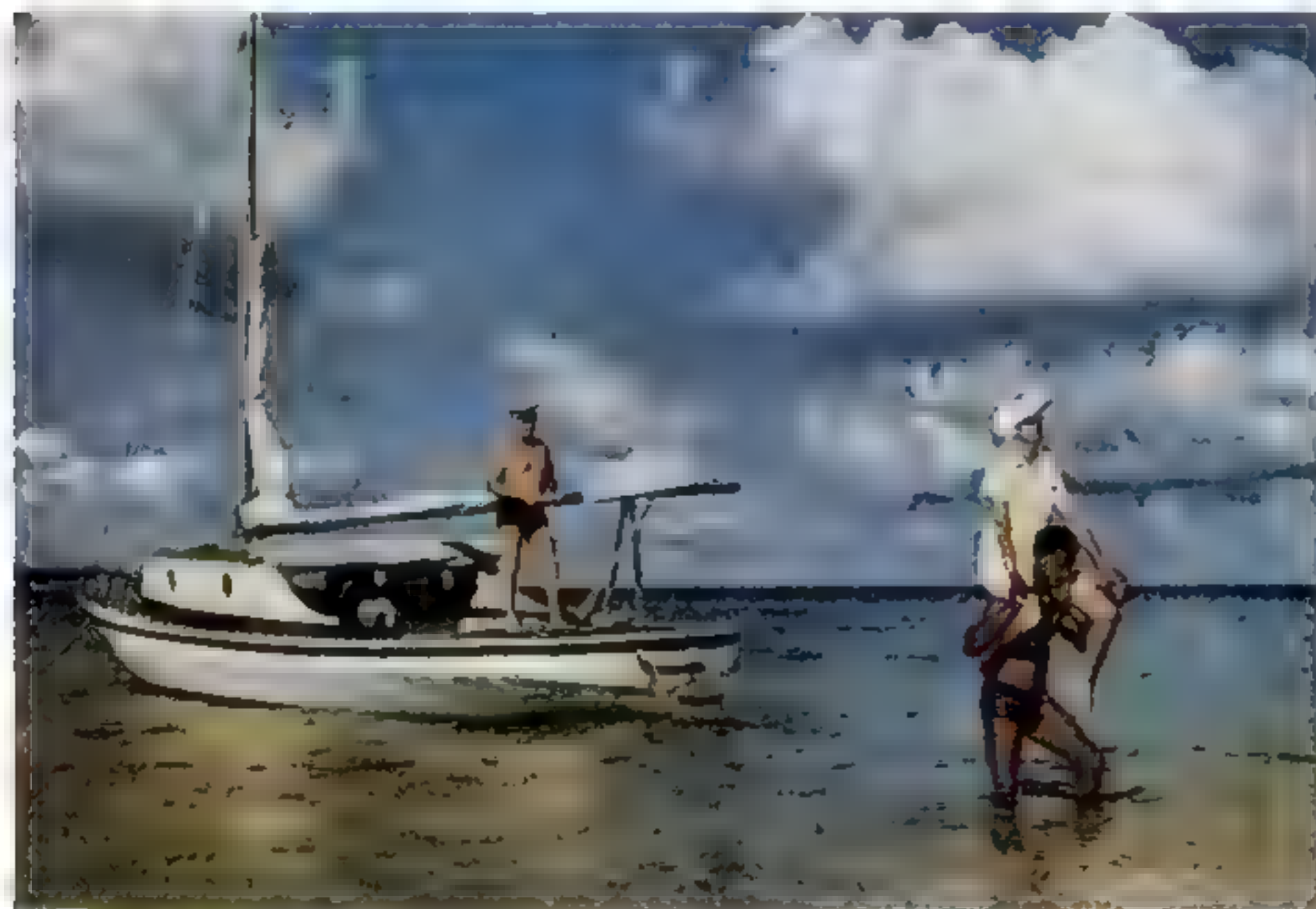
**NATIVE SAILBOAT** from neighboring Tortola is one of speedy fleet that plies weekly between St. Thomas and British Virgin Islands carrying fresh fruit, vegetables. St. Thomas grows little produce.





**NUDE BATHING** or sunning is feasible in the Virgin Islands because of many deserted beaches. The

dry, clear weather ranges from a night-time winter "cold" of 63° to the all-time record heat of 91°.



**PICKABACK RIDE** ashore is given Mrs. Carroll Newell of New York by crew member. This is Buck Island, a government-owned playground near St. Croix, where tourists can shoot gaudy parrot fish.

**YACHTING PARTY** swims ashore from the *Man o' War* to St. John, smallest of the three main islands. Unlike the other two it has no roads, electricity or telephones, is inhabited by only 700 persons.

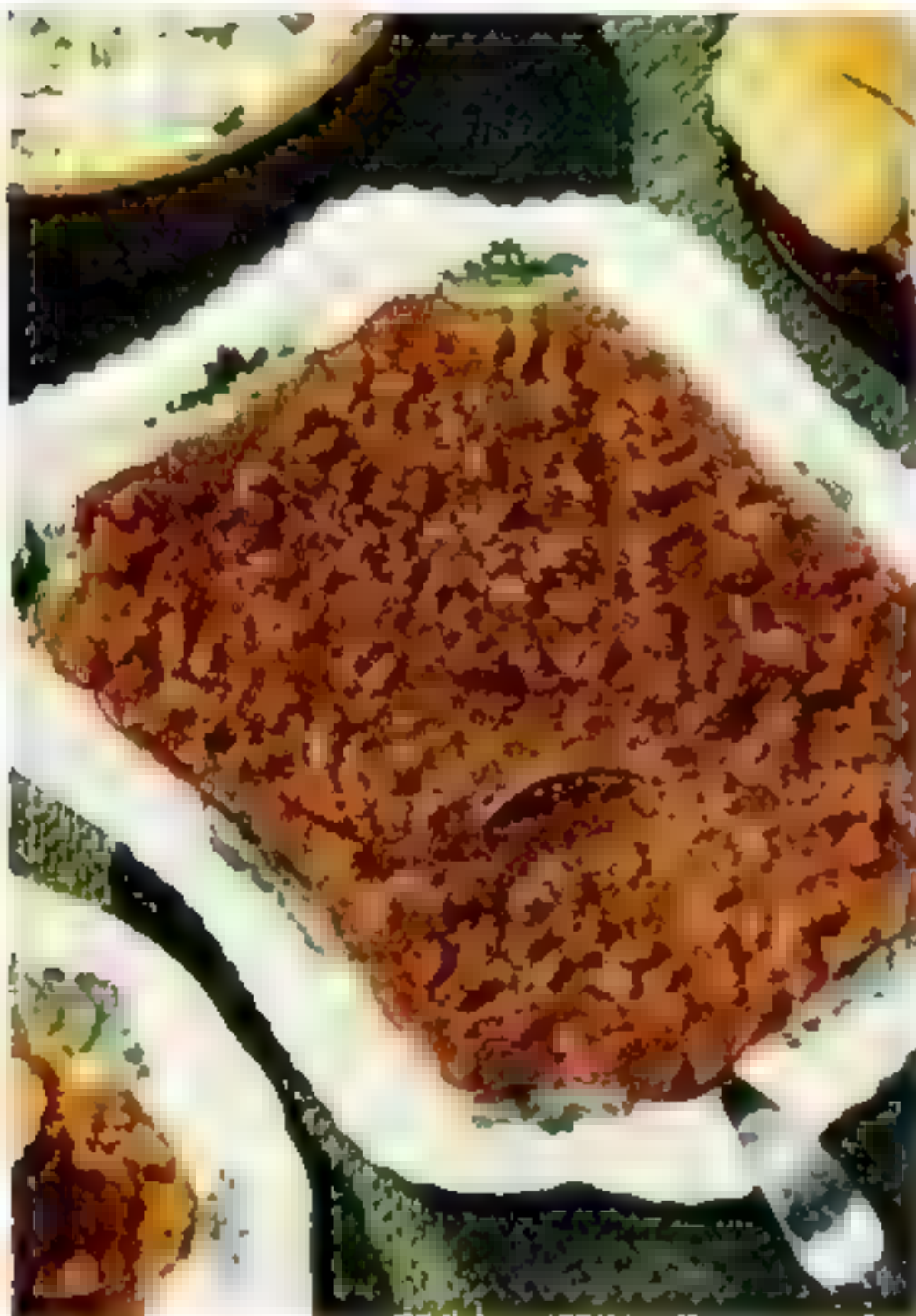








# Great eating, great saving--Pantry-Shelf Meals!



**Johnnycake Chili.** Don't confuse Armour Chili Con Carne with any other. It's deliciously different . . . real Texas-style chili! Made of lean, chopped boneless beef, prime red pinto beans, and a spicy, savory sauce that's Armour's pride! Taste-tested and *preferred* in the great Southwest, where folks know chili . . . and eat lots of it. For a thrifty, tempting main dish . . . just bring Armour Chili to a bubbling boil (to bring out full flavor)—and serve on crusty, hot cornbread squares. Your folks will give this Johnnycake Chili a warm welcome these chilly nights!



**Vienna Sausage Economy Casserole** is easy on your budget, easy on the cook, and so easy to eat! Combine cooked macaroni with rich creamy cheese sauce. Bake uncovered in 350° F. oven for 20 minutes. Lay Armour Vienna Sausages on top as illustrated, and return to oven for 10 more minutes. Those zesty, delicately seasoned little two-bite frankfurters are such a *saving* way to add meat to your meal! All beef-and-pork . . . so quick, so convenient, so *right* for any meal any day . . . from party dishes to pick-up suppers. Enjoy 'em soon!



**Budget Treet** stars this Pantry-Shelf favorite in a simple, simply wonderful main course that's *kind* to your meat bill. (Remember—thrifty Treet gives you 4 generous servings! It's a delicious combination of two of your favorite meats: tender pork shoulder and sugar-cured ham. Blended as only Armour can blend them!) Just cut contents of 1 can of Treet into 8 slices. Fry in a little fat for 3 minutes, turning once. Serve with hot buttered carrots, and lettuce wedges topped with your favorite salad dressing. Then stand by for rounds of applause!

For additional recipes for Pantry-Shelf Meals, write Marie Gifford, Dept. 337, Box 2053, Chicago 9, Illinois.  
Tune in HINT HUNT—CBS Monday through Friday afternoons

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The best and nothing but the best  
is labeled **ARMOUR** ★







CHARLES' BOYER DISPLAYS HIS SOMBER, PASSIONATE PHYSIOGNOMY ON BROADWAY AS A COMMUNIST LEADER WHO GETS ASSASSINATED BY A PARTY MEMBER

## BOYER ON BROADWAY

He scores without kisses or sighs in "Red Gloves," Sartre's new play

When he was a boy in the little French town of Figeac where he was born, Charles Boyer fell in love with his teacher and instead of handing in his homework he sent her love letters. One afternoon she held him after class, saying, "Charles, one day you will be a very charming man, possibly you even may be a very great lover. But that day hasn't come yet. Why don't you wait for it?"

After a short wait Boyer at 19 went on the

Paris stage and then, in the U.S., became a great movie lover. But he never braved Broadway until last month when he made his American stage debut in *Red Gloves*, by French Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre. He made a tremendous hit both with critics and with his fans. Although Boyer indulges in no kisses, no embraces, no sexy sighs, swooning females pack the matinees and still find him, as his teacher foresaw, "a very charming man."



# Now! Pay no more New Cannon Percales—they're



1.

Yea—the favorite sheets of America's BRIDES and young-marrieds are now smoother, softer, better than ever!



2.

Here's the important TIP-OFF: Now Cannon Percale Sheets are *Combspun*! Fine American cotton is combed and combed till only the longer, smoother fibers remain . . .



3.

These *combed* fibers weave up into sheets that are finer, more luxurious than ever. You can SEE AND FEEL THE DIFFERENCE!



4.

However—you don't have to DIG DOWN to afford 'em! No price rise! Though you get a better sheet, *Combspun* Cannon Percales *still* cost only a little more than best-grade muslin.

Cannon Towels • Stockings • Blankets



# for An Even Better Sheet! Combspun!

5.



What's more—you can expect NIGHT AFTER NIGHT of extra wear! *Combspun* Cannon Percales are tested—*proved* stronger!

6.



And they're finer-woven, for SWEETER SLEEPING—180 threads to the square inch—over 25% more than best-grade muslin!

9.



So hurry out to your favorite store's White Sale and fill your linen closet with *Combspun* Cannon Percales!

8.



Don't just DREAM about owning lovely *Combspun* Cannon Percales! You won't find a better value for your sheet-money...

7.

You'll like its light weight, too. Easier for bedmaking and HOME LAUNDERING!



Cannon Mills, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.

PR 1547 CANNON M L S Y



# SARTRE SAYS BROADWAY HAS DAMAGED HIS PLAY

*Red Gloves* is set in an unnamed European country in 1943-45 and is about a Communist leader who is killed by his party for going against its current line. When Sartre heard about changes in his play he was furious. It had been twisted, he declared, from an impartial study in political

fanaticism to an anti-Communist tract. He tried to sue his agent for letting the play be damaged. The play has been changed largely to build up Boyer's part, a natural thing for an American producer to do, and stands now as a rather ordinary melodrama in which Communism is really a side issue.



**AT COMMUNIST GATHERING** a party leader named Hoederer (Boyer) orders his new secretary Hugo (John Dall, at table) and his wife to submit to a search of their room. Hugo, who was ordered by the party to kill Hoederer, has been hiding a gun.



**ASSASSINATION FAILS** when a bomb is thrown at Hoederer by Hugo's comrades. Hoederer hopes to make a united-front deal with Monarchist (Francis Compton, seated) and Social Democrat (Royal Beal, right), which is why party wants him killed.

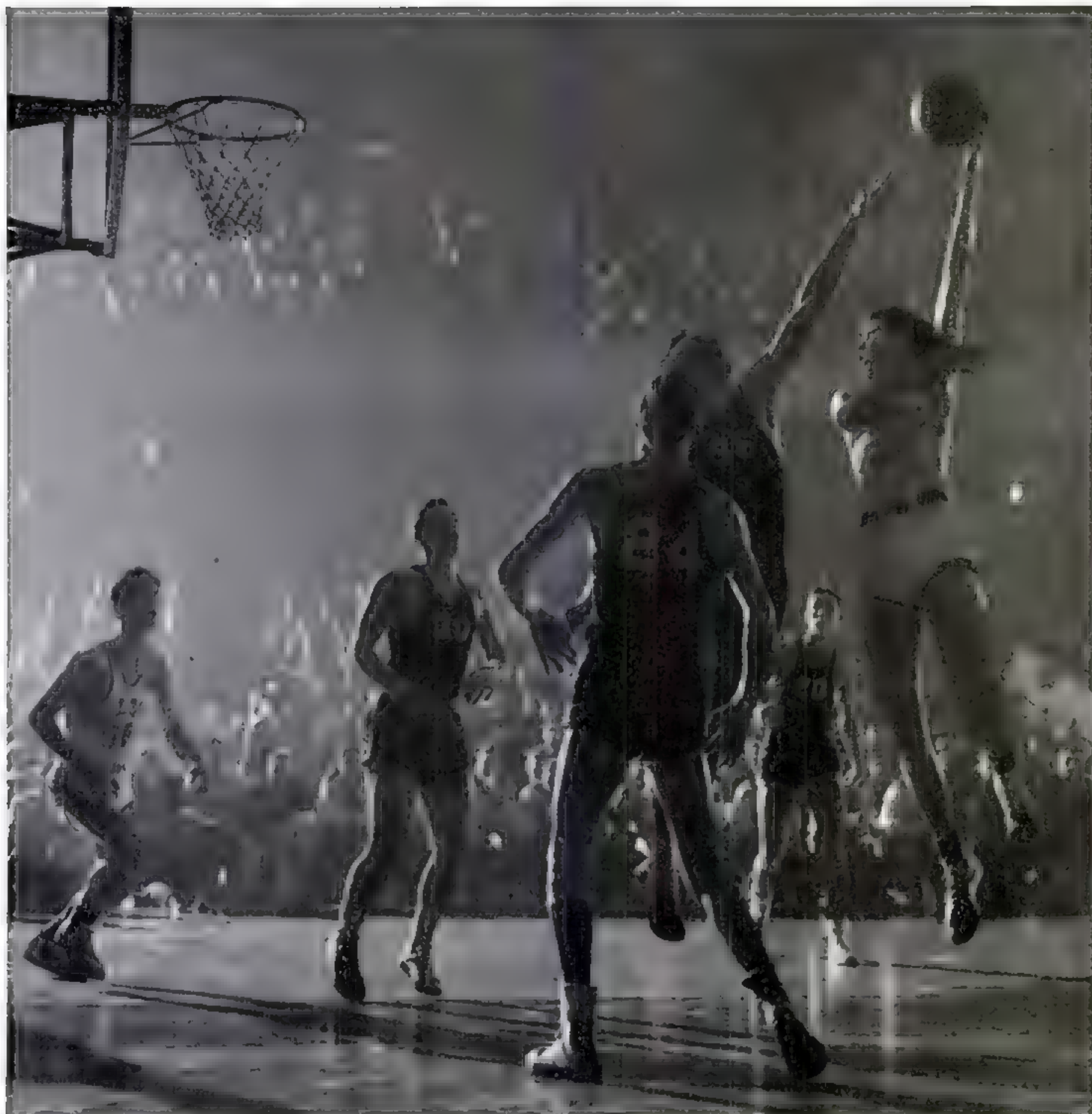


**HOEDERER IS SHOT** finally by Hugo, not for political reasons but because Hugo mistakenly thinks that Hoederer has been making love to his pretty wife (Joan Tetzel). Hugo is sent to jail and shields his comrades for their part in plotting the assassination.



**OUT OF JAIL** two years later, Hugo returns to comrades, learns that the dead Hoederer has become a great Communist hero because the party has switched its line, adopted his policy of compromise. Branded now as an assassin Hugo goes to his death.





SILHOUETTED AGAINST CROWD, ED MACAULEY (NO. 50) SINKS A LEFT-HANDED HOOK SHOT OVER THE ARM OF A SOUTHERN METHODIST GUARD ON DEC. 18

## "EASY ED" MACAULEY OF ST. LOUIS

College basketball's best center shoots a lot of baskets but sets up even more for his team

Any tabulation of the best college basketball players in the U.S. would look ridiculous without the skinny young man on the opposite page. He is Ed Macauley of St. Louis University, a 6-foot 8-inch All-American center whose nickname is "Easy Ed," partly because of his modest temperament but also because his leaping lay-ups (*opposite*) and unguardable hook shots (*above*) make basketball look like child's play.

However Macauley would be a great player even if he never shot at all. Nobody in college basketball today can play the "post"—i.e., the offensive center slot—with his sleight-of-hand manipulation. Macauley sets up as many shots for teammates as he ever takes himself, which is the principal reason why he was voted the outstanding player in Madison Square Garden's National Invitation Tournament last spring.

This year Macauley and St. Louis got off to a good start. The Billikens routed their first five opponents this season, with Easy Ed scoring 92 points and monopolizing rebounds (*p. 56*). This week the Billikens headed for New Orleans and the Sugar Bowl Invitational Tournament. To win it they had to beat Kentucky's Olympic veterans. If Easy Ed could make that look easy, he would be a basketball wizard indeed.

◀ MACAULEY SHOWS HOW TO SCORE WITH TREMENDOUS LEAP TO BASKET RIM



# HE GETS TIP-OFFS, REBOUNDS AND LURES OPPOSITION INTO FOULS



**CONTROLLING THE TIP**, Macauley flips the ball to his teammates in back court. S.M.U. center has not made an effort to jump against Macauley's height.



**GRABBING A REBOUND**, Macauley again uses height to get ball away from Johnny Zatopek (No. 36) after a missed S.M.U. shot. St. Louis won easily, 61-49.



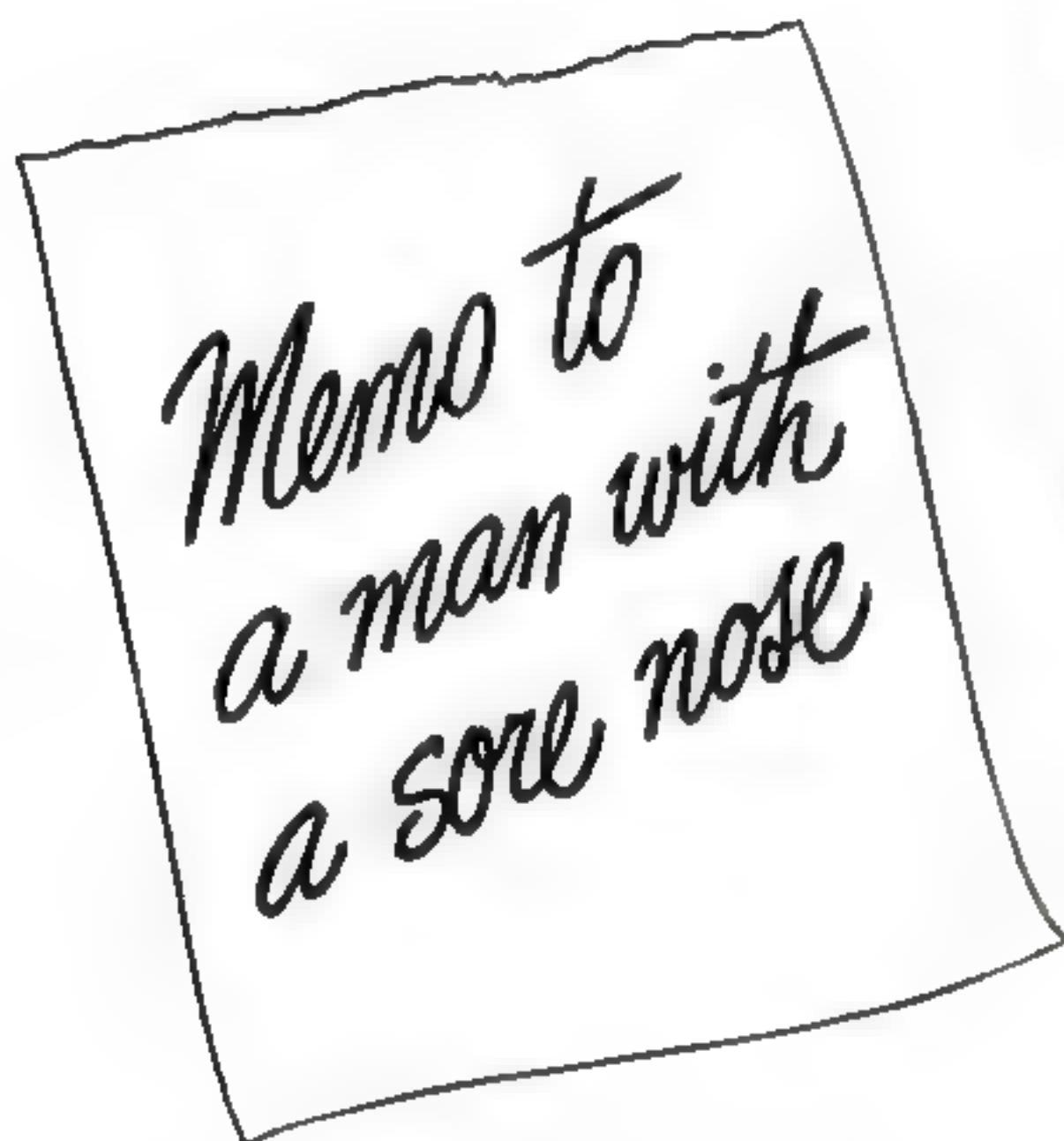
**SETTING UP A SCORE**, Macauley draws two Kansas State defenders out of position before passing to Lou Lehman (foreground). Lehman drove in for a lay-up.



**GETTING HIMSELF FOULED** means many points every game for Macauley. Because of his height Zatopek (above) can find no way to guard him without fouling.

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 58**





*Memo to  
a man with  
a sore nose*

**Congratulations, sir!** Your bandaged beak is a badge of honor!

It's a symbol of service . . . a sure sign that you, like most of us these days, have been keeping your nose to the grindstone—working your hardest just to keep your family living the way you want them to live.

But what of the future? Your nose can't take it forever. Someday you'll want to retire, to take the trips and do the things that you've always dreamed of doing.

That's going to take just one thing—

**MONEY!** And will you have it when you want it?

**You will if you're buying U. S. Savings Bonds automatically**—on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or on the Bond-A-Month Plan at your bank.

With either plan, you're heading for real financial security. Month after month, regularly as clockwork, your money is saved for you. All you have to do is sit back and watch the Bonds pile up.

It's just about the easiest, surest, fastest

way of building financial security that anyone ever dreamed up. And with U. S. Savings Bonds, you *make money* while you save it. Every \$75 Bond you buy today will be worth \$100 in just 10 years!

Of course, you can always buy Bonds at any bank or post office. But the best way, the sure and steady way, is to buy 'em automatically!

**Start doing it now!** Keep on doing it! And in no time flat, you'll find that you're well on your way to a permanent separation of nose and grindstone!

## **AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—U.S. SAVINGS BONDS**



*Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service*





makes  
thorough  
brushing  
surprisingly  
easy

**SQUIBB**  
**ANGLE**  
**TOOTHBRUSH**

bent like a dentist's mirror  
to reach more places



**FAST BREAK** is led by Macauley, who dribbles down the court after recovering an S.M.U. shot from the backboard. St. Louis, however, uses the dribble only sparingly, preferring to bring the ball down with a series of fast spot passes.



**MACAULEY'S COACH**, Ed Hickey, is a foot shorter than his star player. Too small to play much basketball in his own college days, Hickey is fond of set plays with fakes and crisscrosses made to order for Macauley's passing ability.

## Fast HELP for HEADACHE

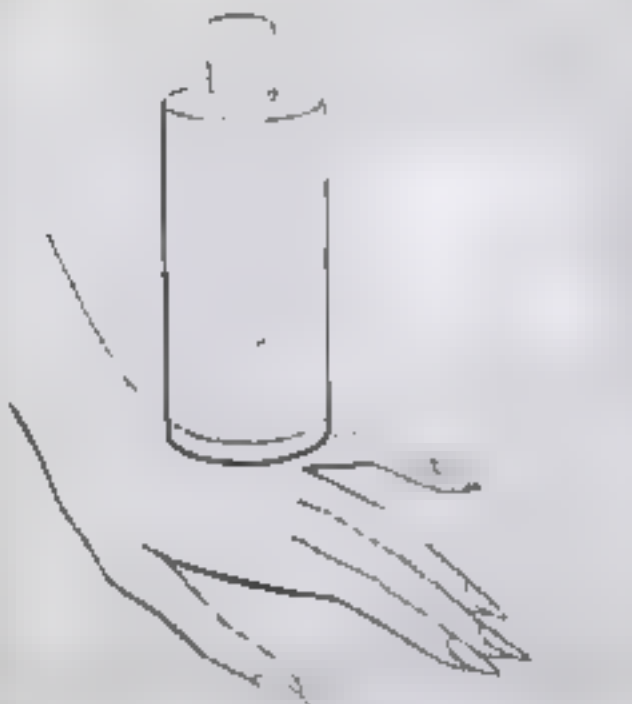
UPSET STOMACH  
JUMPY NERVES



### BROMO-SELTZER

FIGHTS HEADACHE  
THREE WAYS

When ordinary headache, upset stomach and jumpy nerves all strike at once, take Bromo-Seltzer for fast help. Bromo-Seltzer offers relief with split-second action... ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore, fountain or counter today. A product of Emerson Drug Company since 1887.

41% of all HAND LOTION  
opened in the U.S. in a  
single day was opened by  
**LIFE**-reading families

Excerpt from a study of family buying habits,  
made by the Market Research Company of America.]

## TOOTHACHE?

Toothache often strikes suddenly. Quick temporary relief with Dent's Tooth Gum, Dent's Tooth Drops, Dent's Dental Poultice. If pain persists "Since 1888" see your dentist. Get Dent's at all drug stores.

**DENT'S** TOOTH GUM  
TOOTH DROPS  
DENTAL POULTICE

## Get Relief QUICKER

From Your Cough  
Due to a Cold

**FOLEY'S** Honey & Tar  
Cough Compound





Modess ... *Lacoste*





"There is always one leader  
by which others are judged"





BOB HOPE MODESTLY POINTS OUT TO A GRIZZLED GROUP OF WESTERNERS A HEAP OF INDIANS WHOM HE BELIEVES HE HAS KILLED WITH HIS LITTLE PISTOL

## MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

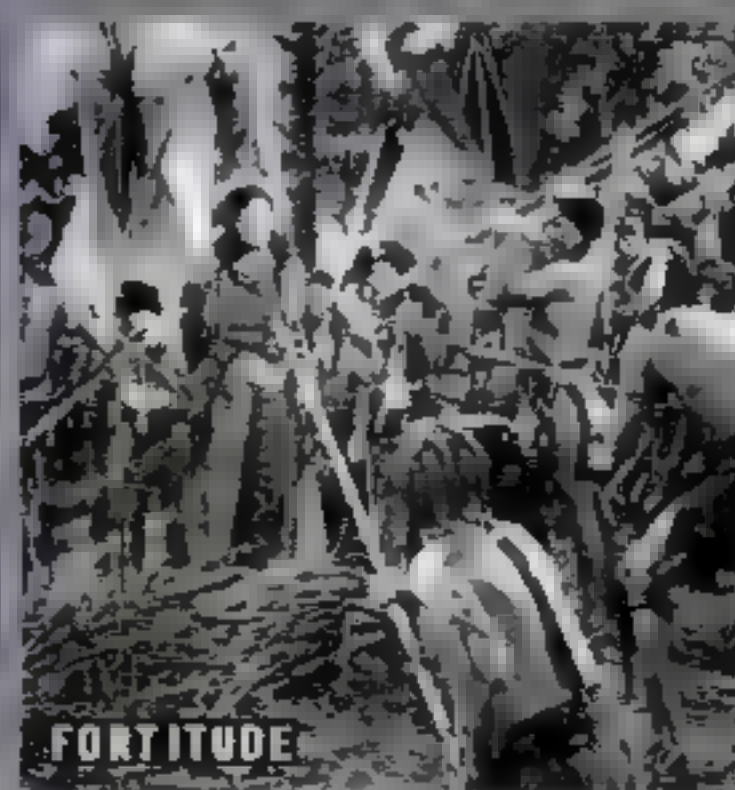
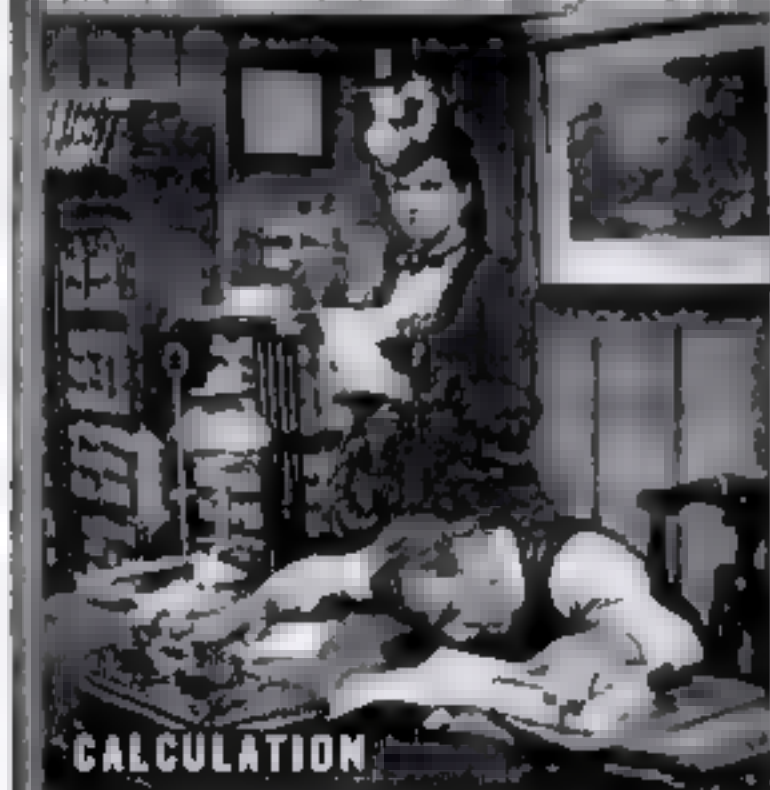
# *The Paleface*

Bob Hope, Injuns and Jane Russell  
gag up a tale of the woolly West

*The Paleface* is an astute combination of two ingredients which have always served the movies well: a standard cowboy-and-Indian plot and the standard gags and gimmicks of a Bob Hope comedy. This one tells the story of a dentist involved in gun-smuggling, Indian tortures, wild chases and marriage with a gun-toting girl (Jane Russell). Hope as a dentist administers laughing gas to himself and his patient and pulls the wrong tooth. Hope as a lover strokes flesh he thinks is

Miss Russell's but is really a Cheyenne brave's. Hope as a sniper shoots wildly but gets the credit for a flock of dust-biting redskins (above) actually slain by his bride. Hope as a medicine man uses the wrong magic techniques and almost gets himself burned alive. People who find Hope's humor repetitive and mechanical will like this picture no more than any of his others, but his admirers, a majority of the American people, will probably find this one his best and funniest yet.

## JANE RUSSELL'S GAMUT OF EMOTIONS



JANE RUSSELL, more famous for other attractions than dramatic ability, plays Calamity Jane, the outlaw. Here she demonstrates how to express a great variety of

emotions without twitching a facial muscle. This performance puts Jane neck and neck in the running of the Deadpan Derby with Dorothy Lamour (LIFE, Sept. 27).



**JACK BENNY**  
**is now on CBS,**  
**The Columbia Broadcasting System**  
**Same Time, Same Show,**  
**Different Stations**

**Every Sunday Night**  
**just before AMOS 'N' ANDY**  
**the greatest comedy-team**  
**in America**

**RS**

**CBS**



## A black and white portrait of a man with a surprised expression, wearing a suit and tie. The image is a close-up, showing the man's face from the chest up. He has short, dark hair and is looking slightly to the right with wide eyes and an open mouth. He is wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt and a dark tie. The background is a plain, light color.

[illegible]

4:14 at 5:30 pm





F-47 DROPS NAPALM BOMBS (MADE OF INCENDIARY JELLY) ON ENEMY MORTARS

## AN AIR SHOW WITH LIVE BOMBS

Fliers put on an exciting tactical demonstration of how planes can help in the capture of a beachhead

In recent weeks the target range at Eglin Field, Fla. has been the scene of one of the most exciting air dramas ever enacted in peacetime. Once a week the 9th Air Force, for the benefit of its own officers and students from the Army and Navy, has gone all-out in a live-ammunition demonstration of how its planes—ranging from reconnaissance types to large bombers—would gear in with the other services in an invasion of an enemy country. The show holds its spectators spellbound (*right*) except when their eyes can no longer bear to squint into the sunny Florida skies. The planes go through all the motions of battle a little more than a mile away from the stands, which are always jam-packed with officers from all branches of the service, visiting military men from other countries and as many civilians as can wangle invitations. Medium bombers pour over on a split-second schedule dropping their high explosives. Incendiary bombs send flames leaping high into the air (*above*). Big "flying boxcars" fill the skies with parachutes as they drop their airborne infantrymen. Other planes fire long streams of rockets into enemy tanks and clear the way for their own tanks to move forward (*pp. 68, 69*). The whole complex show is put on with precision and polish—and also with an amiable kidding of the ways of the military man—that are well-calculated to win the Air Force some new friends. In fact if the integration of the three military branches were really as complete as it is made to look at Eglin Field, the U.S. defense establishment would be in fine shape.



REAR VIEW OF CROWDED STANDS SHOWS STUDENTS WATCHING DEMONSTRATION

STUDENTS AND SPECTATORS PEER INTO THE SKIES TO WATCH TACTICAL AIR





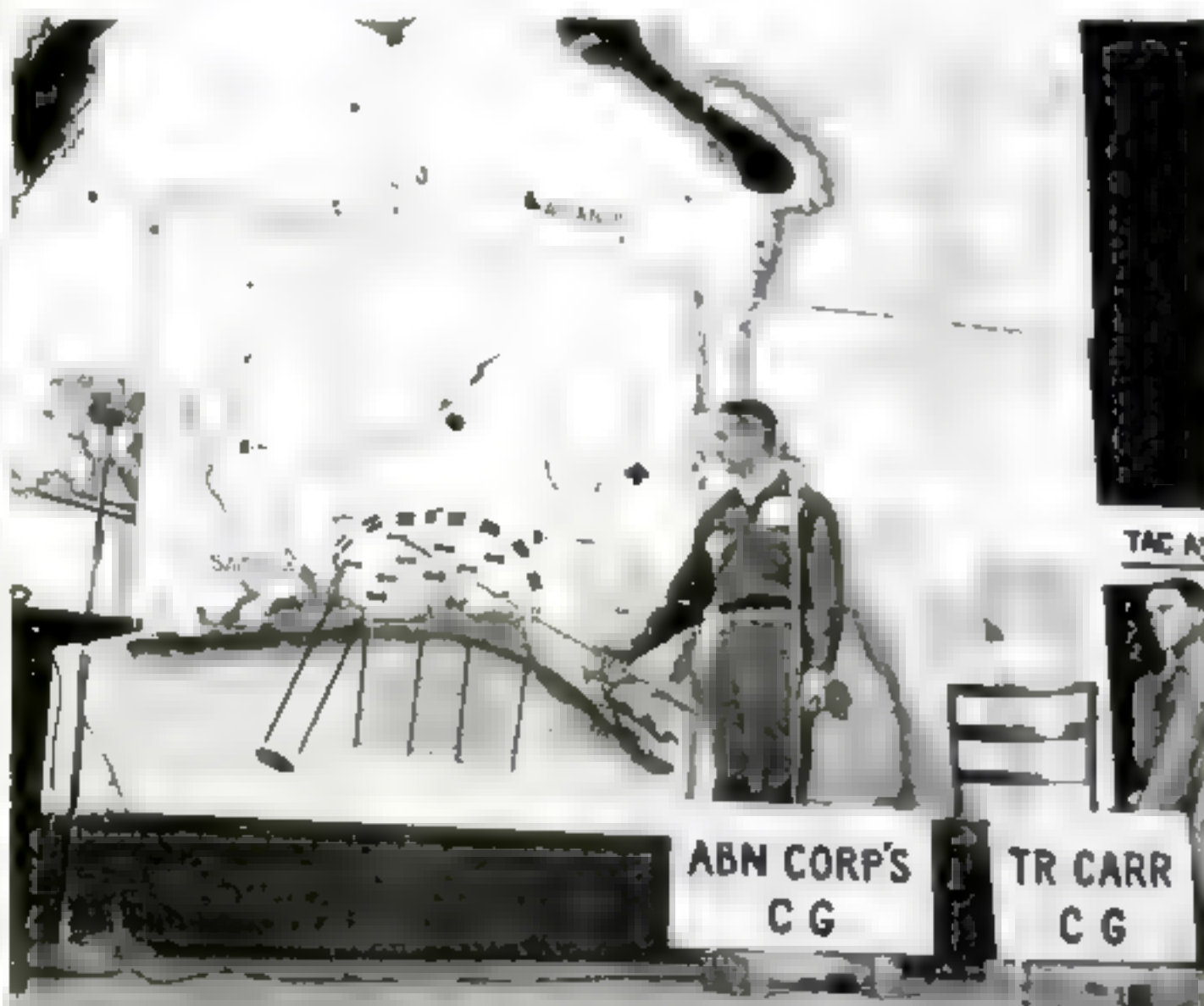
FORCE AT WORK DROPPING 125 TONS OF BOMBS AND SHOOTING 5,000 ROCKETS. APPARENTLY DISINTERESTED SPECTATOR AT FRONT CENTER IS ONLY RESTING EYES



AIRMEN BRIEF AND GENTLY SPOOF THEIR GUESTS



**SUPREME COMMANDER** of the mock expeditionary force shakes hands with "Secretary of Defense" (left). This skit is presented to students before sham battle. It contains serious talk of interservice cooperation but also such gags as having supreme commander, an Army general, talk with MacArthur-like flamboyance.



**BATTLE PLAN** is outlined by commander of the airborne corps. Sacola on his map is really Pensacola, the Florida seaport near Eglin Field. In this mythical war the nation of Namoro (southwestern part of the U.S.) knows that Deluvia (southeastern part) is planning war, therefore makes its own plans for invading Deluvia.



**FAMILIAR SCENE** in battalion headquarters is shown here as young ground-force officer (holding helmet) pesters his commander because he has been eligible for promotion nearly a week and has not received it. He disregards conference at left regarding cooperation between infantry, artillery and air in imminent battle.



TO SOFTEN UP THE ENEMY, B-29s LAY A DENSE CARPET OF 500-LB. HIGH-EXPLOSIVE





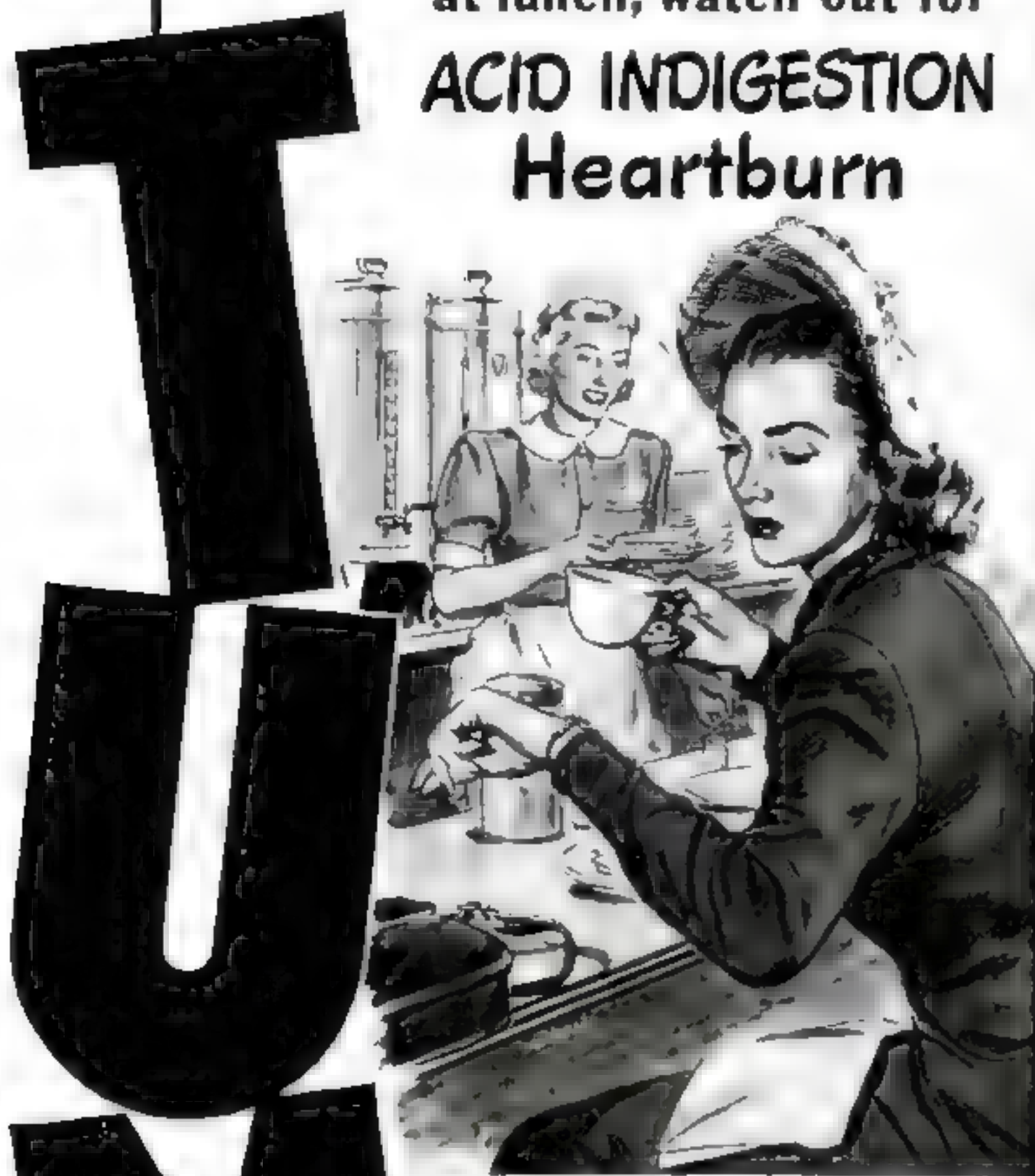


BOMBS (ABOVE). BELOW: THE SKY IS FILLED WITH PARATROOPERS WHO ARE FALLING IN ALMOST EVERY CONCEIVABLE POSITION FROM C-82 "FLYING BOXCARS"





When you **WATCH** the **CLOCK**  
at lunch, watch out for  
**ACID INDIGESTION**  
**Heartburn**



Every time you hurry and worry your way through a quick lunch, acid indigestion may be your afternoon caller! But with Tums in purse or pocket, you're set for sweet relief... fast! Almost instantly, one or two tasty Tums relieve annoying heartburn and gas—soothe and settle your stomach. Tums contain no baking soda. So, no danger of overalkalizing—no acid rebound. And Tums are handy as candy to take—any time, anywhere. This very day, get Tums! Still 10, a roll—3-roll package, a quarter.

Quick Relief for  
**ACID INDIGESTION,**  
**HEARTBURN**



**for the tummy**

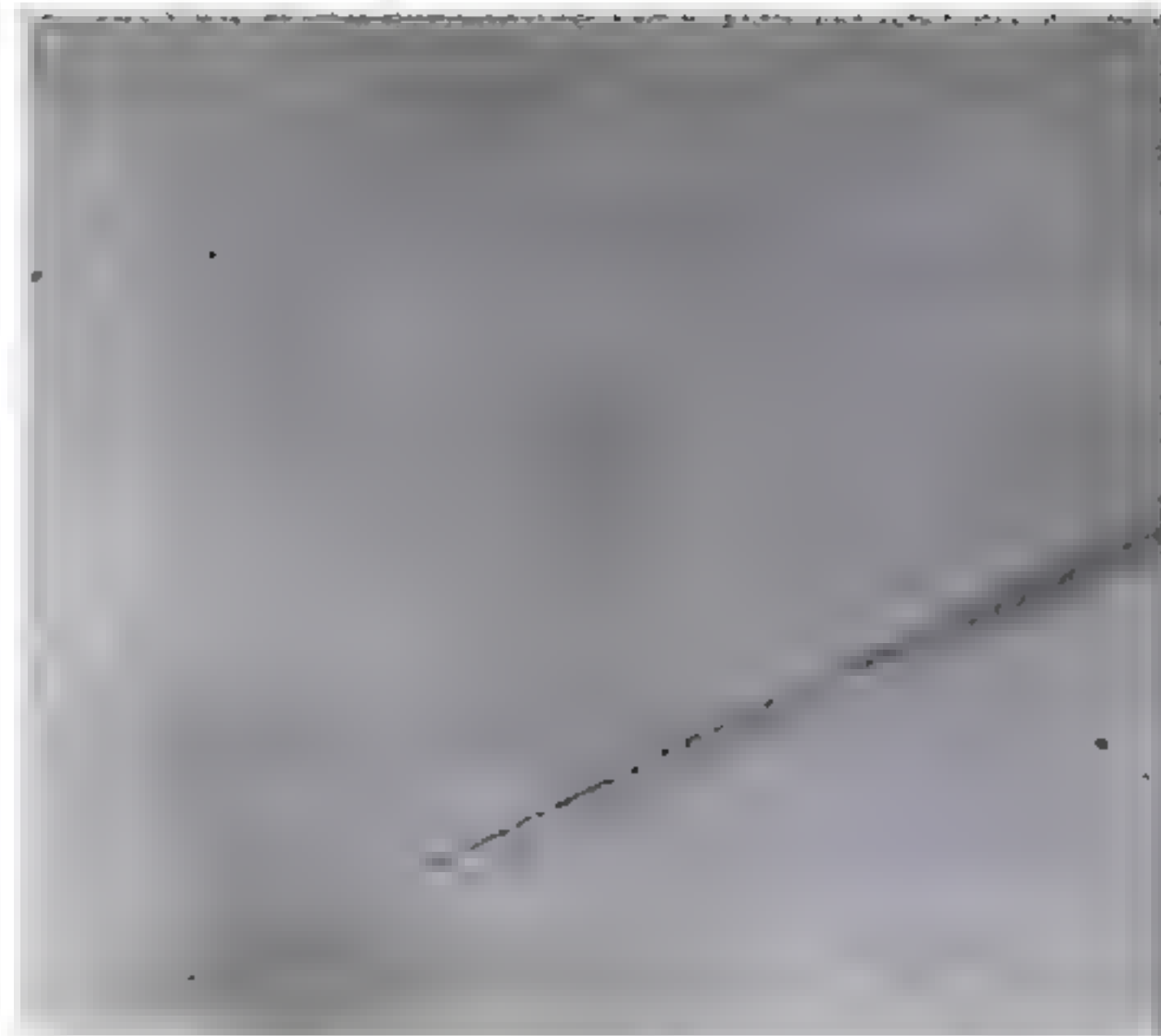
Try one or two Tums after breakfast. See if you don't feel better!

**TUMS ARE ANTACID—NOT A LAXATIVE**

For a laxative, use dependable Nature's Remedy—NR Tablets. Nature's Remedy is mild, purely vegetable—relieves constipation without the usual griping, sickening, perturbing sensations. Get a box today. 25 tablets only 25c.



**Air Force War** CONTINUED



**ROCKET ATTACK** on an enemy tank is simulated by a new F-82 fighter-bomber diving earthward to deliver its lethal load of 25 rockets, 14 of which



**BOMB-BURSTS** in background mark spot where F-47s, directed to their target by instructions radioed from ground, are wiping out an enemy strong



**INFANTRY ADVANCE** gets under way after enemy guns have been silenced by bombing and artillery fire. Tanks landed after airborne troops had





can already be seen streaming toward target trailing flame behind them. One purpose of show was to demonstrate how planes can serve as flying artillery.



point with 500-pounders. As soon as the planes complete their mission the infantrymen in foreground will advance with their new 75-mm. recoilless gun.



secured beachhead. They move forward under a screen of artillery shelling and smoke laid down by both gun and plane. Namoro easily won the war.



**"You won't find  
a better buy  
than Pequot's!"**

## Now is the time to stock up on America's Most Popular Sheets

In these White Sale Days you'll find all kinds of "values" in the stores. But you'll find *no better long-run value* than Pequot plus-service muslins . . . or if it's luxury sheets you're looking for, than Pequot fine combed percales.

Just check these value features:



Extra long fibres • extra-close weaves  
extra strength • extra beauty  
extraordinary wear  
plus double-tape selvages\*  
and quick-pick projecting size tabs†  
5 pastel shades and white

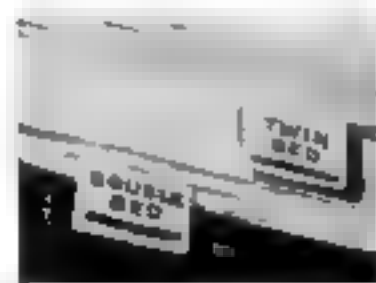


Extra long fibres • extra combing  
exquisite weaving • smooth texture  
more than 200 fine combed threads per inch  
quick-pick projecting size tabs  
6 pastel shades and white

Look at them . . . your eyes say *buy Pequot's!* Feel them . . . your fingers say *buy Pequot's!* Consider them . . . your intelligence says *buy Pequot's!*

For four generations, women have been telling each other, *buy Pequot's*. Day in, day out . . . year in, year out, Pequot's the peak of value. Sheet for sheet . . . muslin or finest combed percale . . . *you won't find a better buy than Pequot's!*

Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.



†Projecting size tabs for quick finding on the shelf.



\*Double-tape selvages to give extra strength.

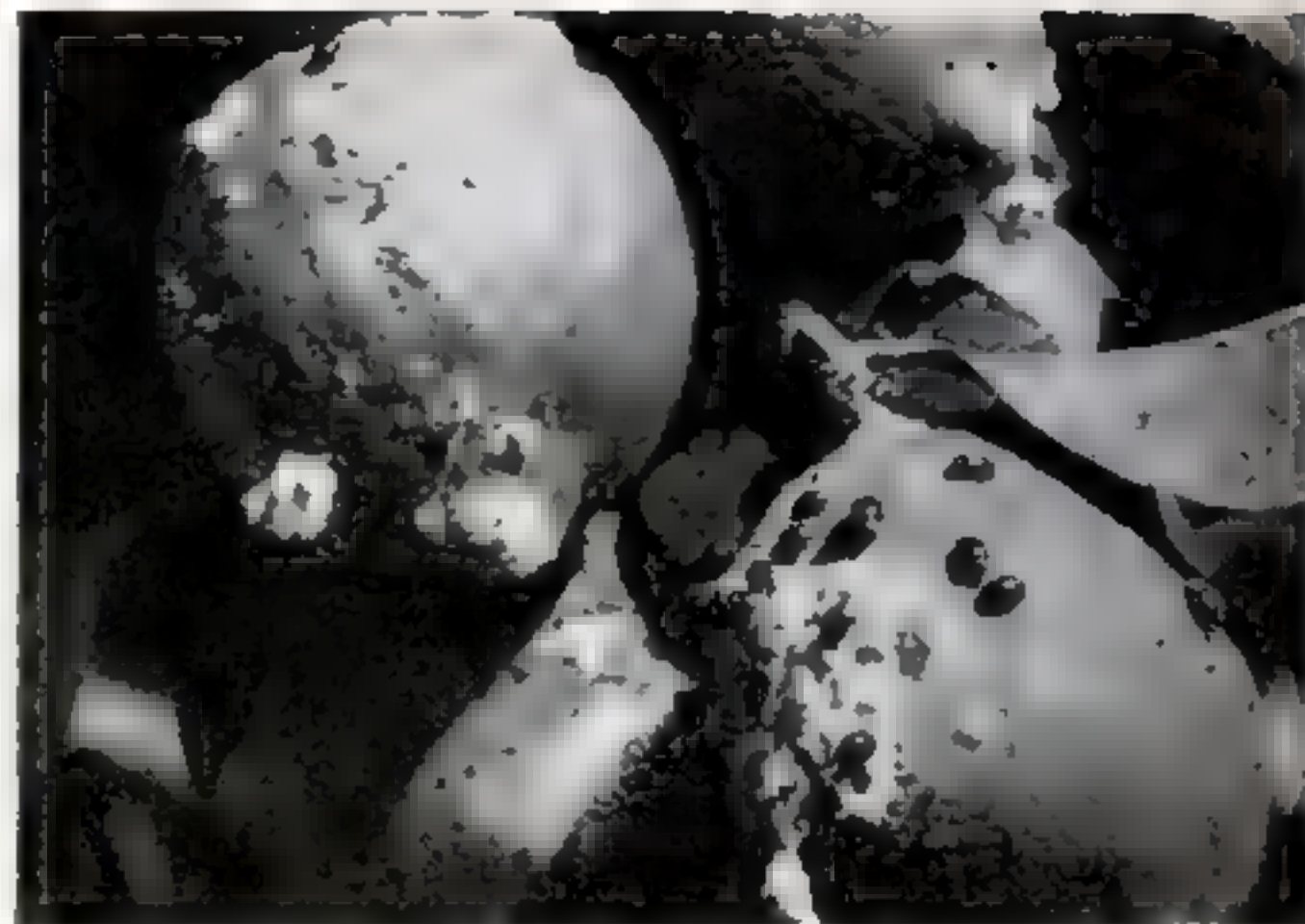
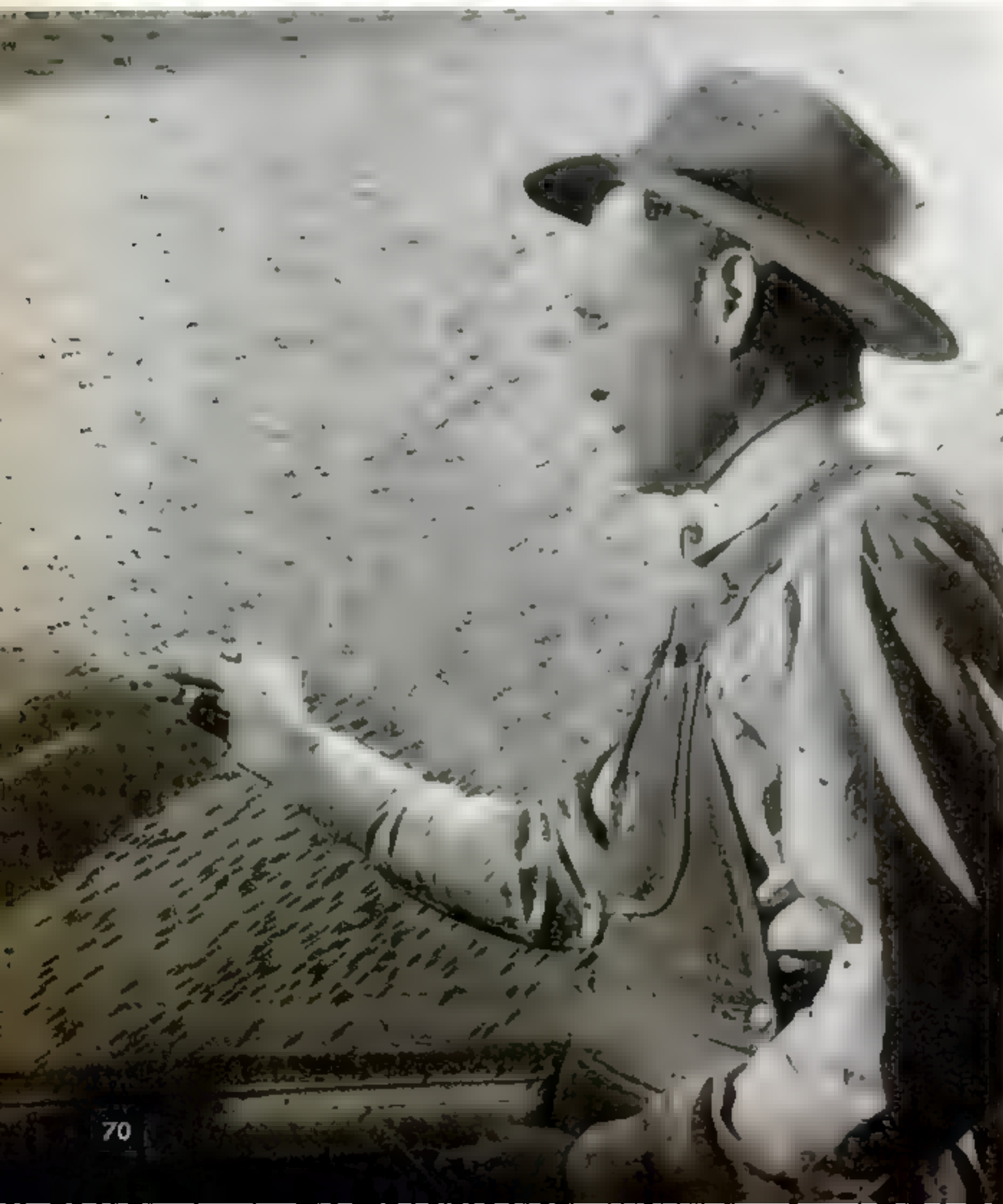
**PEQUOT  
SHEETS**

so good-looking  
so long-wearing





**LADYBUGS ARE RAISED** in a jungle of mealy bug-infested potato sprouts. Above: 20 of the insects are placed among the sprouts to lay their eggs. Some thirty days later 2,000 more ladybugs have hatched and are scooped off a lighted screen to which they have been attracted (*below*).



**LADYBUGS SWARM OVER LEMONS** INFESTED WITH PARASITIC MEALY BUGS

## LADYBUGS EAT MEALY BUGS

California farmers pit insect against insect

The never-ending struggle for survival among the creatures of the earth has given Western fruit-growers their strongest defense against their greatest natural hazard—destructive insect pests. To combat the voracious nutes which attack the prized citrus trees, the ranchers pit bug against bug, infesting their groves with millions of laboratory-grown insects which are the natural enemies of the fruit-blighting species. More effective and far cheaper than many chemical insecticides, this kind of biological control checks the spread of insect pests without contaminating or injuring the fruit.

For years six insectories in California have been kept busy producing Australian ladybugs to eat up the prolific mealy bugs which might otherwise multiply and damage a large part of the citrus crop. The half billion ladybugs released so far have munched up enough bugs to prevent serious crop losses. But ladybugs, valuable as they are, can only restrict the pest. When their victims become too scarce they starve. To avoid this waste of time and ladybugs, biologists of the University of California have been looking for an insect which destroys the mealy bug but can live without it. A tiny parasite wasp (*below*) may fill the requirements. It does not eat the bug but kills it by laying eggs in its body which hatch out into hungry larvae. These larvae become wasps which kill more mealy bugs but are not dependent on them as a source of food.



**PARASITE WASP** lays her eggs inside body of a mealy bug through needle-like tube in tail. Eggs develop into larvae which devour bug from the inside





**HUNGRY LADYBUG**, here magnified 30 times, cramps its claw-like mandible on a fat, fuzzy mealy bug which it must crawl up along top of an orange. A second bug still

intact creeps away across the lime-smeared skin of the fruit. Mealy bugs spoil citrus fruit by sucking juice and leaving skins covered with excrement on which fungus grows.





**ANA RABINSOHN PAUKER** as a young girl was slender, dreamy-eyed, with unruly brown hair and a love for poetry. Now, at 55, she is the ruler of Romania and toughest

of the Red Amazons who serve Communism's top men: strong, hard, with eyes turned steely and hair of iron gray, a blindly loyal, unquestioningly obedient servant of Stalin.



# ANA PAUKER

The daughter of a poor Romanian butcher, she has risen from the Communist underground to become the heavy-handed mistress of Romania and pro-consul of Stalin in the Balkans

by HAL LEHRMAN

**A**NA RABINSOHN PAUKER is the most overpowering woman in contemporary Europe. Officially she is nothing more than foreign minister of Romania, a country which in its present condition of servitude under the Soviets needs a foreign minister about as much as the state of Arkansas does. Actually she is the principal agent of the Kremlin in Bucharest and of the Cominform in Russia's Europe. As the senior member of the local Politburo, Mme. Pauker runs the Romanian Communist party and, through it, the lives of Romania's 16 million. In her Cominform capacity Mme. Pauker shapes the patterns of thought and the molds of conduct for the hundred million who inhabit the eastern half of a divided continent.

Dominant females are no novelty in Romania, where the tradition of petticoat rule is ancient and mellow. But Ana Pauker's special prescription for achieving greatness in Romania is very novel indeed. Carol II's agile Magda Lupescu and his father Ferdinand's Queen Marie made their piquant mark on history by reason of peculiarly feminine aptitudes for beguiling one man, or several men at a time. Mme. Pauker, who is shaped like a wrestler, sits in the seat of power without the help of her man. In fact she sits in it despite him. Long ago the Soviets liquidated her husband, Marcel Pauker, for the most unspeakable of all crimes in the Stalinist calendar—Trotskyism. Yet this in no wise deterred Moscow from appreciating the revolutionary talents of "Tovarish Anny" and sponsoring her rise to supreme rule over Communist Romania.

No other woman on Marxist service has touched such heights. Rosa Luxemburg in Germany was assassinated when power for her was still a distant dream.

Dolores Ibarruri, Spain's La Pasionaria, is at the moment a comrade without a country. Nobody in Poland hears of Wanda Wassilewska any more. Yugoslavia's Mitra Djilas is in the Cominform doghouse. A notably cautious Soviet program for Finland, where, thanks to the courage and cleverness of the Finns, the hovering curtain does not drop, represses the potential of Hertta Kuusinen. In Bulgaria the terrible Tsola Dragoicheva, who likes to turn a screw or apply a rod with her own womanly hand when "fascist" prisoners are slow in confessing, is a subaltern, not a commander. The mighty Ana towers above them all.

An unsung epigrammatist once recorded that "if you have a Romanian friend, you don't need any enemies." However unjust this observation may be to Romanians in the mass, it is apt in the case of Ana Pauker. On her way to power she forsook her family, embraced the murderers of her husband, collaborated with a man who had jailed her, imprisoned a man who had defended her and another who had freed her and dethroned the king who made possible her return from exile. She is at once ruthless, patient and obedient. Patient, she waited three years with all the threads of power in her hand until the signal flashed from Moscow to take over the foreign ministry last November and come out openly as Romania's master. Obedient, she betrayed even her oldest party comrades, to say nothing of her country, on orders from the Kremlin. Her life has been founded on the rock of a single devotion—to the Soviet Union.

Ana is no beauty. She is broad in beam and bust, slightly round in the shoulders, chunky throughout except for a surprisingly trim ankle. She has washbasin hands, unruly, graying bobbed hair. She also has undeniable strength. Her gray eyes are alert and expressive. Her voice is deep, her tone confident, her manner brisk. She is an extraordinarily dynamic woman.

One of the qualities which distinguish her from most professional Marx-

ists is her charm. Her uncharming associates tend to converse in resonant proletarian slogans; Ana speaks freely in private, easily and without clichés. She also listens when other people talk, a habit which makes her practically a revolutionary among revolutionaries. She enjoys press conferences, likes a joke and has a well-stocked library of light novels, mostly French, from which she selects an armful when she goes on a trip. But there are limits to her sense of humor. In speeches, articles or diplomatic business she sticks to Kremlin rote and pours out the standard dreary doubletalk.

The Marxist sweep, assisted by a case of puppy love, first caught up Ana in her teens, when she might otherwise have drifted on in the *petit bourgeois* obscurity to which she was born in 1893. She is the daughter of a dismally poor Jewish butcher named Rabinsohn. Just where she was born is unknown, but by the time she was 14 the family was living in Bucharest, hard by the sewersome river Dâmbovitza. She was a slender, agreeable, brown-haired girl, something of a scholar, who helped out the family by tutoring some of her well-to-do classmates.

At 17 Ana was teaching Hebrew at a synagogue school. There she met a young teacher of history and literature named Steinberg, fresh from his studies in Paris, who might have softened her precocious severity if only he had been faithful. He was a socialist who simultaneously gave her revolutionary pamphlets, romance and walks in the park. Ana fell thoroughly in love with him. Steinberg proceeded, however, to meet and marry the daughter of the school's director. To make matters worse, the girl was Ana's best friend. From this shock Ana turned to the impersonal solace of political conspiracy.

She joined a Social-Democratic club, became active in the production of inflammatory leaflets for the Bucharest workers and thereafter never turned from the road that has led her to power.

Marriage was a passing and rather incidental episode on the way. During World War I, Ana met a budding revolutionary and engineer named Marcel Pauker, married him later and bore him three children.

Long afterward Ana sadly said, "I loved my husband, but the party separated us." More often than not he was away at one end of the European underground, she at another. He turned up for a spell between 1929 and 1931 as a "clerk" in the New York office of Amtorg, the Soviet trading company. Ana last visited with him in Germany in 1933 on one of her hurried flights from Romania.

Nearly every published account of Ana Pauker's life intimates that she "betrayed" Marcel to the Soviets. That is not true: he was certainly "purged" in Russia, in or soon after 1938, but not because of any charges against him by Ana. His association with known Trotskyites was enough to doom him. Marcel's sister Titi is today the major-domo of Mme. Pauker's extensive private household in Bucharest.

Ana herself was an underground worker and jailbird of considerable note. She spent six years in prison, 11 in exile, and she was sentenced to a term of 10 years which she never served. She knew torture, solitary confinement, all the pains that the skilled jailer knows how to inflict, and she bore it with a fortitude that even her enemies must admire. She met and worked for such party figures as Georgi Dimitrov of Bulgaria and Maurice Thorez of France and was honored with the rumor, probably untrue, that one of her daughters was fathered by the Frenchman.

Two events conspired to hoist Ana from underground anonymity toward greatness. A particularly savage massacre of Bucharest railway strikers by



**ANA'S CASTLE** is the Sinaia Palace 80 miles from Bucharest, traditional home of Romanian kings. Last occupants were King Michael and his mother.





**DIPLOMAT PAUKER** gets light from her Cominform colleague, Czech Foreign Minister Vladimír Clementis.



**POWER FOR PAUKER** was assured on Feb. 4, 1948 when V. M. Molotov signed "Treaty of Friendship" with

Romania while Premier Stalin twiddled his thumbs in the background (center). At Stalin's right stands Romania's

## ANA PAUKER CONTINUED

Romanian soldiers in 1933, and Ana's subsequent arrest and trial as one of the instigators of the strike, made her a minor heroine among European radicals. In 1941, in the sixth year of her 10-year prison sentence, Dictator Ion Antonescu and old Juliu Maniu, leader of the National Peasant party, arranged to trade her to the Russians in return for an anti-Communist Romanian in Soviet custody. "Give them Ana Pauker—she's only a woman," Antonescu is supposed to have snorted when the bargain was being struck, some months before Romania became involved in war with Russia. In due course they got their reward: at Ana's instance Antonescu was executed by a Communist firing squad in 1946, and in 1947 Mme. Pauker had her aged benefactor, Maniu, sentenced to solitary confinement for life.

Soon after Ana's arrival in Moscow, Hitler invaded the Soviet Union and persuaded the Romanian army to assist him in that enterprise. Romania and Mme. Pauker thereupon began to loom vastly larger in the Kremlin's plans. Ana became a Soviet citizen, a Red army officer, a special student in Moscow's most exclusive political academy and an executive committeewoman of the old Comintern. She also wrote leaflets dropped on Romania from Red army bombers; she supervised underground couriers and the instructions they carried to the party in Romania; she broadcast exhortations and edited all propaganda beamed at Romania from Radio Moscow, and she did intensive missionary work among the several hundred thousand Romanian PWs packed into Soviet internment camps. To these she vibrantly pledged more soup and an extra shirt in the immediate future, as well as the good and full life in an ultimate Romanian "people's democracy." Enough prisoners responded to fill two army divisions.

By the summer of 1944 the Russians were pushing the Germans back in southeastern Europe and Ana, wearing a Red army uniform, was ready to go home. On Aug. 23 young King Michael took Romania away from Hitler by turning out and imprisoning Marshal Antonescu. This *coup d'état*, executed at great personal risk by the boy monarch with very small assistance by the Communists, gave the Allies 16 Romanian divisions which fought the Wehrmacht in 18 major battles, suffered 170,000 casualties, captured 109,000 Germans—and enabled the Red army and Ana Pauker to reach Bucharest with hardly the firing of a shot.

Then began a remarkable demonstration of modesty on the part of Mme. Pauker. For three weeks Ana stayed out of sight altogether. For five months her chief activity in public was speechmaking on behalf of an innocuous union of antifascist women. For more than three years Ana managed Romania without holding any job at all in the Romanian government. Even her Communist rank was camouflaged. She was party secretary, but there was another secretary and also a secretary-general. And in the 1946 elections, which gave her a seat in Parliament, her name stood second on the Communist ticket in the Bucharest district.

This self-effacement was shrewdly calculated: if Ana Pauker the extremist, the obvious agent of Moscow, had been prematurely unveiled as the real chief, it would have scared everybody. But nobody was really fooled except those hopeful or desperate souls in Romania—as in Hungary, Czecho-

slovakia and the rest of eastern Europe—who clung to their gamble on Soviet benevolence and Communist good faith even after the Kremlin showed its hand. The non-Communist press was forbidden to criticize her, on peril of suspension. One newspaper which so dared was promptly closed, the excuse of the Soviet military censor being that it had printed code in a news item about the chief of the British mission, "Air Vice-Marshal Stevenson, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C."

Ana engineered the overthrow of the first democratic coalition government set up in 1944 among the anti-Nazi parties responsible for Romania's abandonment of the Axis. She personally installed an obscure but ambitious "progressive" named Petru Groza as premier of a new, Russian-picked government which the Communists could effectively control. After that Ana Pauker made or approved every major decision of the Groza regime in the next two years. These decisions were devoted to establishing Communist control over Romania's economy, army, police, courts, commerce, industry, press, radio, schools, politics and private life. The chief obstacle being the "fascist" National Peasant and Liberal parties, Ana labored from behind the scenes to cripple them by closing their newspapers, padlocking their headquarters, raiding their meetings.

Ana might have remained in the back alleys of power to this day, had it not been for a quiet speech made at faraway Harvard in June 1947 by Secretary of State George Marshall.

## War on recovery

**T**HE Marshall Plan upset the whole timetable for eastern Europe, where all Soviet calculations assumed a slow, piecemeal grab of the Western states as the democratic economies crumbled. When with Marshall stimulus they began to perk up and reject the Communists, the process of "consolidation" in Romania and the other satellite countries had to be hastened. The new tempo and temper became apparent in Bucharest even before Moscow formally declared war on European recovery. An American diplomat in Bucharest who had been regularly calling at Mme. Pauker's residence to drink an amiable cup of Viennese coffee and find out what was really going on was startled one day by her shrill warning that the Soviets would by-pass Messrs. Truman and Marshall in Greece and Turkey, win Italy, then France, then Britain, "and then where will you Americans be?" When Juliu Maniu spoke up plaintively in July for Romanian adherence to the Marshall Plan, he was straightway jailed and his party was outlawed. In September, Ana dashed up to Warsaw to assist at the birth of the Cominform. With its all-out challenge to the West, there was no further need for Ana to play possum in Romania. By November Mme. Pauker was installed as foreign minister; by New Year's Day King Michael was out and the Romanian "Democratic People's Republic," one step removed from a full-blown Romanian Soviet Socialist Republic, was in.

This process included the discharge of Foreign Minister George Tatarescu, who is perhaps the most malodorous political turncoat of modern times. He helped King Carol establish a prewar dictatorship, he had been premier of the government which jailed Ana Pauker in 1936, and his name





puppet premier, Petru Groza, flanked by Andrei Vishinsky. Fourth from the right, looking as demure as possible,

is Mme. Pauker, surrounded by line-toeing Romanians who were invited only because Ana vouched for them.

**POLITICIAN PAUKER**, her unruly locks contrasting with smart suit, fondles flowers given her by street crowd.

topped the Communist list of war criminals before liberation. But the Communists needed his support temporarily, and Ana had him made foreign minister and vice premier instead of shooting him in the first phases of the Communist coup. During one of two interviews with her in 1946 I asked her how she could tolerate Tatarescu's presence in the early "democratic" coalition. She looked at me quizzically and said, "We have to collaborate sincerely with everybody willing to help our task of reconstruction." "Sincerely?" I inquired. "Well," and she permitted herself a flicker of a smile, "we haven't signed a contract with Tatarescu to fight the whole revolution with him."

The "revolution" overtook Tatarescu on the morning of Nov. 7, 1947, when four policemen suddenly settled down outside his door, announcing that they had orders to protect him from "a rumored attempt at assassination." Tatarescu understood. He telephoned his resignation to Ana, apologizing that he was too ill to come in person. According to current reports he is still being "protected."

That same morning Premier Groza craved audience with the king to obtain royal approval of Mme. Pauker's nomination to the foreign ministry as constitutionally required. Michael pointed out she would be the first female foreign minister in Romanian history. Groza jovially reassured him that "she runs things anyway." Michael said he would have to think it over. Groza countered that, the day being the 30th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, the Russians were throwing a big party at their embassy that evening and expected Mme. Pauker there as a member of the government.

At 8 p.m., half an hour before the Soviet reception, Groza again sought out Michael in the palace of his aunt, ex-Queen Elizabeth of Greece. Behind the premier strode Ana in evening gown, trailed by three others also appointed to the cabinet that day. The king gave up. The new ministers took their oaths of office in Elizabeth's white-walled drawing room, flanked by tapestries and statues of sundry saints and bishops. "I swear allegiance to my king," intoned Ana as Michael glumly listened.

Michael turned to an aide and muttered, "After this what is there left for us to do in Romania?" Groza, who considers himself the wittiest statesman in Europe, interjected, "But didn't Your Majesty hear her swear allegiance to you? What's there to worry about?" One month and 23 days later Michael was without a throne and without a country.

To say that Ana "made her mark" on the Romanian foreign service would be wild understatement. She accomplished in brutally short order what less forthright administrators, including a long list of would-be reformers in the U.S. State Department, have found to be all but impossible—she reorganized the old prewar service right out of existence, in the process providing a tragicomic spectacle without precedent in polite diplomacy. The evening before she became minister all the ministry personnel were loaded into police vans as they came out the front door and were carted away to be searched for incriminating documents. Next morning when those not still in jail returned to work, they found their offices bolted. Ana called all hands and demanded their keys to the files, safes and cashboxes. The ministry stayed shut for five days while her inspectors went through

the place. The first day it reopened for business Ana fired 165 of its 500 career officials, including 12 "permanent" functionaries of ministerial rank, 10 counselors and 36 consuls. The purge continued until just about the only pre-Pauker functionaries left on the job were the ministry doormen.

The necessary replacements came mostly from the Romanian railway administration, a reservoir of burly and hardened Communists whose principal qualification was that they at the least could read and write the Romanian language. Protocol at the ministry went out the window. Correspondence with foreign governments was conducted in Romanian instead of the customary French, to which the new staff was alien. Notes written in that troublesome language were blandly marked "Rejected" and dropped on the floor.

The same cleanup transpired abroad. A general order summoning 160 ranking diplomats to come home and meet their new chief brought only 25 takers. The rest quit. Another alarming innovation required foreign officers to return to Romania for their furloughs. This accounted for a further epidemic of resignations and firings. In every mission Ana installed an ostensible flunky or pen-pusher who was really her special agent and therefore the real boss, on the Soviet political-commissar model. Each mission turned into a little Romania, heavy with repression and mutual fear. In the Washington legation the Pauker stalwart, an ex-boxer named Vasile Sterian, became so generally obnoxious that the State Department demanded his recall. Sterian, officially listed as chauffeur to Minister Mihail Ralea, was addicted to reading all official and private mail, opening locked desks and threatening physical reprisals against "fascists" inside and outside the legation. He even bored a hole in the floor of Ralea's office to listen in on diplomatic exchanges.

### Front seats are safer

**A**NA is not so foolish as to assume that she is widely loved in or out of the foreign service. She is the most heavily guarded of all the Romanian Communist hierarchy. Before she became foreign minister callers at her party headquarters on the fashionable Allee Elizabeta Filipescu were met by three Tommy gunners behind a high iron gate, three more in the hall and two on each landing. After dark a push on the button outside the gate switched a glaring spotlight into the face of the visitor, who would stand there blinking while the sentries inspected him through a peephole. Ana sped around Bucharest on the front seat of a bulletproof Cadillac, next to a chauffeur selected from the secret police. She once gave me a lift in the back seat, casually remarking that she preferred the front because shots aimed at a moving car usually hit the rear. Nowadays she sits in the back of a steel-plated Russian Zis, with an extra bodyguard in front and armored Fords before and behind her sedan. As she approaches the foreign ministry a warning bell clangs and everybody clears out of the corridors. When she travels by railway, a guard is posted every 100 yards along the tracks.

Romanians are as scared of Ana as she is of them. Even in Washington many exiles are afraid to discuss her. In her own circles her sharp intelligence, dominant position and inflexible will cause all to defer and most to



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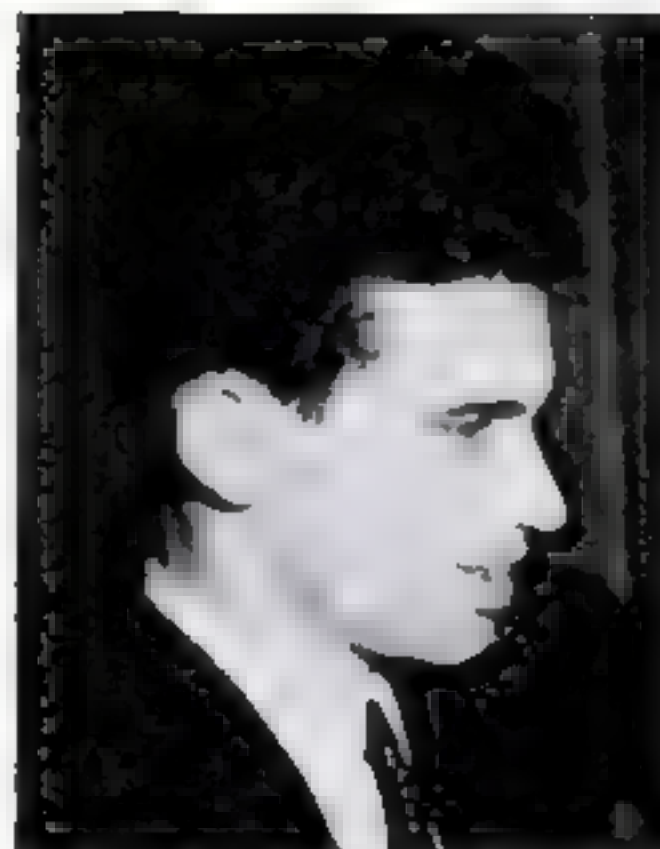
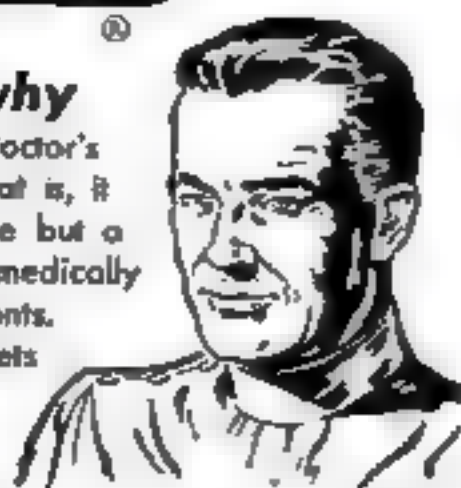
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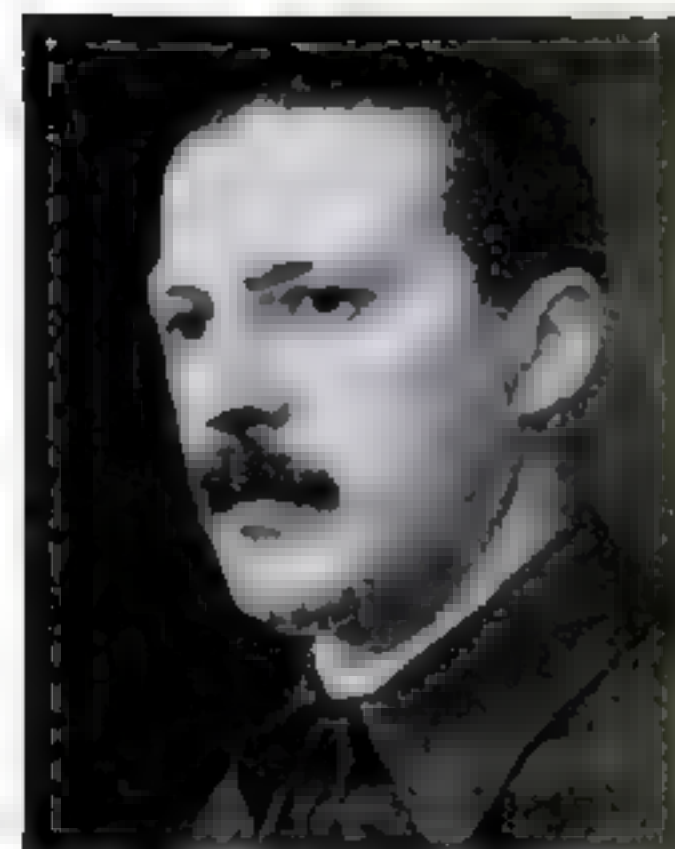
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**PAUKER'S SON** Vlad, 24, named for Lenin, is a student in Bucharest.



**ANA'S FRIEND** Victor Vojen, although an ex-fascist, is her secretary.

## ANA PAUKER CONTINUED

kowtow. Since 1945 she has habitually used cabinet ministers to run errands for her. One such, dispatched to escort Brig. General Cortlandt Schuyler to her office, sheepishly declined to ride with the chief of the American Military Mission in his car. "I wouldn't want Ana to see me with an American—she might misunderstand," he explained.

A very few living persons are known to have successfully defied Ana since her ascendancy. One of these is a woman, a noted obstetrician named Melea Niculescu, who helped Ana organize the Union of Anti-Fascist Romanian Women. As a reward Ana included Dr. Niculescu in the Romanian delegation to an international congress of antifascist women in Paris in 1945. Dr. Niculescu, who had evidently been awaiting her first chance to get away, disappeared at the Paris airport and showed up again only when the party was preparing to take off for home. The doctor explained she was there merely to tell Mme. Pauker what she thought of her, and proceeded to tell her. Ana tried to drag her aboard the plane, whereupon Dr. Niculescu gave her a brace of hearty slaps and walked away to freedom.

The fact that Ana ever found time and occasion to produce a family is somewhat astonishing. She has one son and two daughters, and they apparently consider her a good mother. Her son Vlad, born in Vienna in 1924 and named after Lenin, was a lieutenant in one of the PW divisions organized by Ana in Russia and is now an engineering student at the Bucharest Institute of Technology. A pretty 18-year-old daughter, Tania, who collected numerous admirers at her first formal appearance last January on the occasion of the Romanian Republic's proclamation, has movie ambitions which her mother is firmly discouraging. A second daughter, Maria, was born in France in 1934, and she is the one sometimes credited to Maurice Thorez. This is probably a typical Balkan libel. Thorez's wife, a sturdy party militant, took Maria into her home and reared her while Ana was in and out of underground holes and prison cells. Mme. Pauker fetched Maria to Bucharest in 1945, but the homesick girl is flown back to France twice yearly for visits with "Mama Thorez," and Ana frequently dispatches black caviar and Romanian goodies by air for the Thorez family. Maria grew up speaking French, and if she knows her mother tongue at all has learned it recently. Vlad and Tania speak much better Russian than Romanian. Their mother speaks French fluently, German competently and Russian enthusiastically, though with considerable violence to syntax and certain deficiencies in vocabulary.

## The good life

**T**HE Paukers do themselves proud in the matter of living space. They occupy the 47-room royal palace, a lakeside villa at Snagov and no less than three town houses, one of which has electrically operated doors and a dining room which seats 24. Another is a sumptuous villa which King Carol once gave to Magda Lupescu. The third, the property of a pharmaceutical magnate who is permanently vacationing in Paris, possesses a vast Roman-style bathroom with nude murals. Like her current abomination, Marshal Tito, Ana has an Alsatian police dog, a female, to reinforce the small regiment of soldiers which guards her various holdings.

Mme. Pauker is, after all, a woman, and she is reasonably fussy about her clothes. When she first showed herself in liberated Bucharest, Ana wore a seedy Moscow-made overcoat with a red carnation in the lapel. Shortly afterward she marched into the capital's largest and most expensive department store and bought a raft of expensive





**GEORGI DIMITROV** of Bulgaria was one of Ana's Communist tutors.



**JULIU MANIU** got Ana out of jail, only to have her send him to prison.

clothes, shoes and handbags for herself. Seeing the salesgirl's eyes bulge, she snorted, "Did you expect a Communist to dress in rags?" Today she is the clotheshorse of Romania, a subject of carefully suppressed mirth even among the faithful. Nobody criticizes her taste, which though expensive is subdued. Her misfortune is that she is not exactly set up for glamour. Nevertheless she keeps abundantly abreast of the latest fashions, and she brought the New Look to the recent Danube conference at Belgrade (LIFE, Aug. 30). She shops amply and regularly at Weiser's, the fanciest Bucharest dress house, and at Reich's, the best furrier. Special creations are flown in from Paris. The wife of an American diplomat had to wait two months for a blouse because an entire Bucharest atelier was busy stitching for Mme. Pauker.

Ana is the classic type of professional Communist who goes on toiling without pause, no matter how exalted her position. She reaches the ministry early, stays late, usually has lunch there and consumes large quantities of cigars and coffee at her desk. She has not yet been able to cure the general confusion caused by her hearty purge of foreign office personnel, but she at least demands and gets efficiency in her own affairs.

Only Ana's immediate family shares the pomp and riches of her eminence. Papa Rabinsohn and a brother Solomon live quietly in Palestine. One of the few favors Ana is known to have done her father was to arrange safe passage for him from Romania to Palestine. Another brother, Jacob, killed himself 20 years ago and a sister, Bella, died in girlhood. As far as is known the Rabinsohns of Palestine have heard from Ana only once since the liberation. A few months after that event Solomon received a laconic telegram from Ana reading, "Mother died."

Whatever the Rabinsohns may think of her, Jews in Romania lament the day that Ana Pauker was born. Her prominence in the revolution and the resentment of the Romanian masses toward it have stimulated Romania's old and virulent anti-Semitism. Jews in "democratic" Romania may no longer be persecuted as Jews, but they are most effectively harried, plundered, jailed and liquidated as "bourgeois," as "kulaks," and, when they decline to become rapturous over the revolution, as "fascist reactionaries." To add salt to the wound, Ana has made a great point of recruiting the obscenely anti-Semitic veterans of the Old Iron Guard into the postwar Communist party. Her own private secretary, a handsome ex-actor named Ion Victor Vojen, is a veteran of the Guard who was also minister to Mussolini's Italy in 1940. Vojen used to specialize in organizing Guardist parades. He now produces many of the "popular" mass demonstrations staged by the Communists. Romanians would have ceased to be Romanians if they did not also gossip that Vojen performs more intimate services for Mme. Pauker.

Mme. Pauker would presumably be the last person to assume that her position is necessarily permanent or secure. She is required to tolerate several associates, home-grown and otherwise, who at a word from the Kremlin could take her place tomorrow. If that word ever comes, Ana the good Communist will probably obey: she is no Tito in skirts. But, as of now, Ana Pauker is on top, not only in her own country but throughout the Kremlin's Balkan complex. She occupies this dizzy eminence because she has not yet made a mistake, because she has until now done exactly and unflinchingly what she has been told to do, and because the Politburo has no reason to think she will falter. Hers is a phenomenal example of a strong and brilliant mind subordinating itself utterly to another will. That is the key to Mme. Pauker and to her power. In the volcanic world of the Ana Paukers, independence does not pay.

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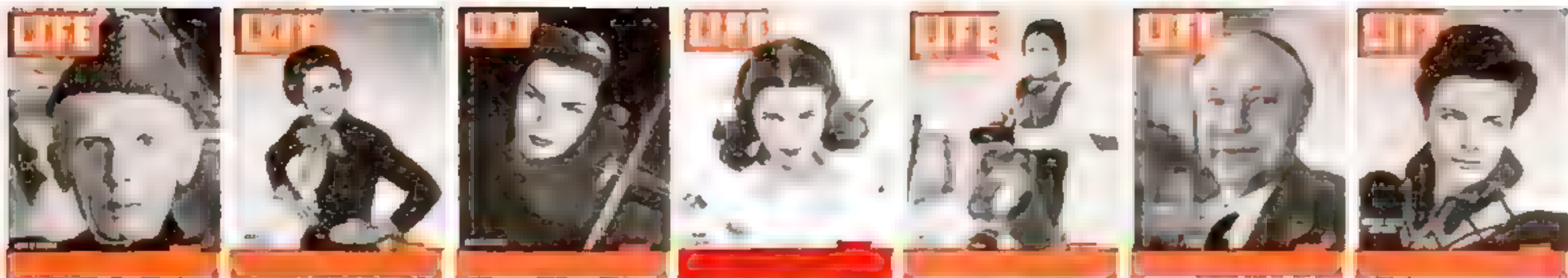


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# answers your questions

**These 52 issues of LIFE, like 52 mirrors, reflected the week-by-week story of the world of 1948.** LIFE appreciates the thoughtful and lively interest its millions of readers bring to its pages. It is gratified, too, that so many of you have shown a large bump of friendly curiosity about LIFE. Here are the answers to some of your questions.

**Few Are Chosen—**During the year, the editors looked at almost 500,000 pictures in order to choose the 10,000 or so that appeared in LIFE. On the wings of these compelling pictures you covered the highways and byways of America and circled the globe to eyewitness the story of humanity in 1948.

**The Earthquake that Came to Dinner—**On a routine assignment in Fukui, Japan, LIFE photographer Carl Mydans was eating dinner when the floors suddenly piled up under him. An earthquake had hit, and for the next 15 hours Mydans—the only correspondent on the spot—recorded the destruction and horror around him. News is rarely as unpredictable as earthquakes, however, so LIFE has hundreds of photographers and reporters constantly covering the world, ready to rush the latest global news to LIFE's presses.

**The Case of the Missing Comma—**LIFE is printed in three places . . . Chicago, Philadelphia and Los Angeles. If the copy you are now reading came from Philadelphia, there is a comma missing after the volume number on the index page. This is the one iota of difference in the 5,200,000 weekly copies that run through LIFE's high speed presses, located in strategic shipping centers so that wherever you live LIFE can reach

you on Friday with last minute news. For example, LIFE's exclusive picture story on the fall of Mukden, China, was rushed out of Shanghai on Thursday, went on the presses Sunday, and was being read all over the U. S. by Friday. This is typical of the fast tempo of LIFE reporting.

**In Four-fifths of a Second—**There were 2,440 full color pages in LIFE in 1948, and each of them was printed in four-fifths of a second. This speed is largely due to special heat-dried inks, which make it possible to apply four colors, one over the other, in less than a second. If each color had to be put aside to dry overnight . . . a method still used for some types of printing . . . it would be impossible to produce LIFE's millions of weekly copies. The high quality of this speedy color printing is evident in every issue.

**Battle of the Sexes—**Women on LIFE's 1948 covers lead the men by 25 to 21. On 4 covers there is mixed company; one is entirely peopleless; one carries an art masterpiece. The predominance of women apparently causes no hard feelings among the 11,742,000 men (20 and over) who read LIFE each week. As for LIFE's 10,110,000 women readers, they naturally view with interest their sisters who appear on that hall of fame which is LIFE's covers.

**Churchill Returns—**Are you one of the many enthusiastic collectors of the 1948 LIFE issues which carried the beautifully illustrated Volume I of Winston Churchill's War Memoirs? Beginning February 7, Churchill returns to LIFE with Volume II, which promises to be even more fascinating. Through his incomparable writing you will re-live the dangerous days of Dunkirk and the blitz over England. In LIFE you find the important writings of the important personalities of our time . . . among them Dwight Eisenhower, William C. Bullitt, The Duke of Windsor, Douglas MacArthur. This is one of the reasons why LIFE is read each week by nearly  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the nation.

**Just Past Twelve—**So thoroughly has the weekly habit of reading LIFE taken hold that you may find it hard to remember when LIFE began. November 23, 1936, was the date of the first issue. People found the new LIFE so exciting that the 466,000 copies printed weren't nearly enough to go around, and only a few months later the circulation was over a million. The excitement of LIFE has kept on increasing. Now just past twelve years old, LIFE sells over 5,200,000 copies every week. They reach 36% of all U. S. families, representing by far the largest audience of any weekly magazine.

**LIFE Puts On a New Record—**The December 6, 1948, issue was the largest LIFE ever published—180 pages. Chances are, though, that you

didn't notice this because readers measure LIFE, not by its thickness, but by the pictorial and topical excitement on both the editorial and advertising pages. LIFE's advertising, as you may have observed, largely consists of consumer products—things you are apt to be personally interested in for yourself, your family or home. Readers seem to do plenty of shopping in LIFE, and advertisers continue to invest more dollars for space in LIFE than in any other magazine. Their annual investment in LIFE is also greater than for network time over any of the broadcasting chains.

**The Why of It—**Sometime during this year you may have walked into a store and found it garnished with posters and displays of products that are advertised in LIFE. The why of it is this: retailers all over the country want to let you know they carry merchandise you read about on LIFE's advertising pages. Many stores which stock a wide variety of LIFE-advertised products make "Advertised in LIFE" the theme of week-long, storewide promotions. For these major events they fill their windows and line their aisles with merchandise from LIFE's advertising pages. In 1948 there were 7,609 of these storewide promotions in drug, food, appliance, jewelry, men's wear and department stores. There will be more of them in 1949 because retailers know how actively readers respond to what they read in LIFE.

**Stampede to Paradise—**Under the title, "GI Paradise", LIFE pictured a heaven-on-earth town in Mexico where veterans studying art had found a miraculous stretch in their \$65-a-month allotment. The disclosure of such down-to-earth prices as apartments for \$10 to \$20 a month, servants at \$8 a month, started a stampede. Some 5,000 U. S. residents wrote, wired or long-distanced their desire to move in immediately. This is just one more indication of the lively interest LIFE readers bring to its pages.

**Have You Noticed?** From cover to cover, LIFE is once again printed on high quality machine-coated paper, so scarce during the war and post-war years. Veritable mountains of coated paper are needed for the 270,400,000 copies LIFE now prints in a year. This is more coated paper than was produced in the entire country before LIFE came on the scene.

From time to time in 1949 more of your many questions will be answered in these informal reports to our readers. While no one can anticipate the course of human events this year will unfold, LIFE will continue to bring you the excitement of eyewitnessing the world's news as it happens—to tell you the story of mighty leaders and the equally interesting tale of lesser people who play their parts on the stage of 1949.

Rudolph Heiskell publisher of **LIFE**





IN DUMFRIES IS THIS STATUE TO POET

# Robert Burns

## THESE SCOTTISH SCENES INSPIRED HIS POEMS

At the moment of midnight every New Year's Eve, English-speaking people everywhere like to join hands and sing Robert Burns's *Auld Lang Syne*. To Scotsmen this song is almost an anthem. They meet regularly in Burns clubs all over the world from Scotland to China to eat haggis (a meal and meat pudding sent to them on ice), drink whisky, sing the lovely songs and recite the robust ballads of their national hero.

Burns, born in Alloway, Scotland in 1759, was no model hero. Extraordinarily handsome and chronically penniless, he loved lustily—he had children by at least four different women. He drank heartily—some of his best poems are about drink. He wrote warmly about his loving and drinking, the local farmers, the gentle rivers around his home. On these pages LIFE shows some of the scenes that inspired him.



FANS JOIN HANDS AS THEY SING "AULD LANG SYNE" AT MEETING OF "THE JOLLY BEGGARS," A BURNS CLUB IN BARRMILL, SCOTLAND

### AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne?

*Chorus:* For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot  
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,  
From morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.

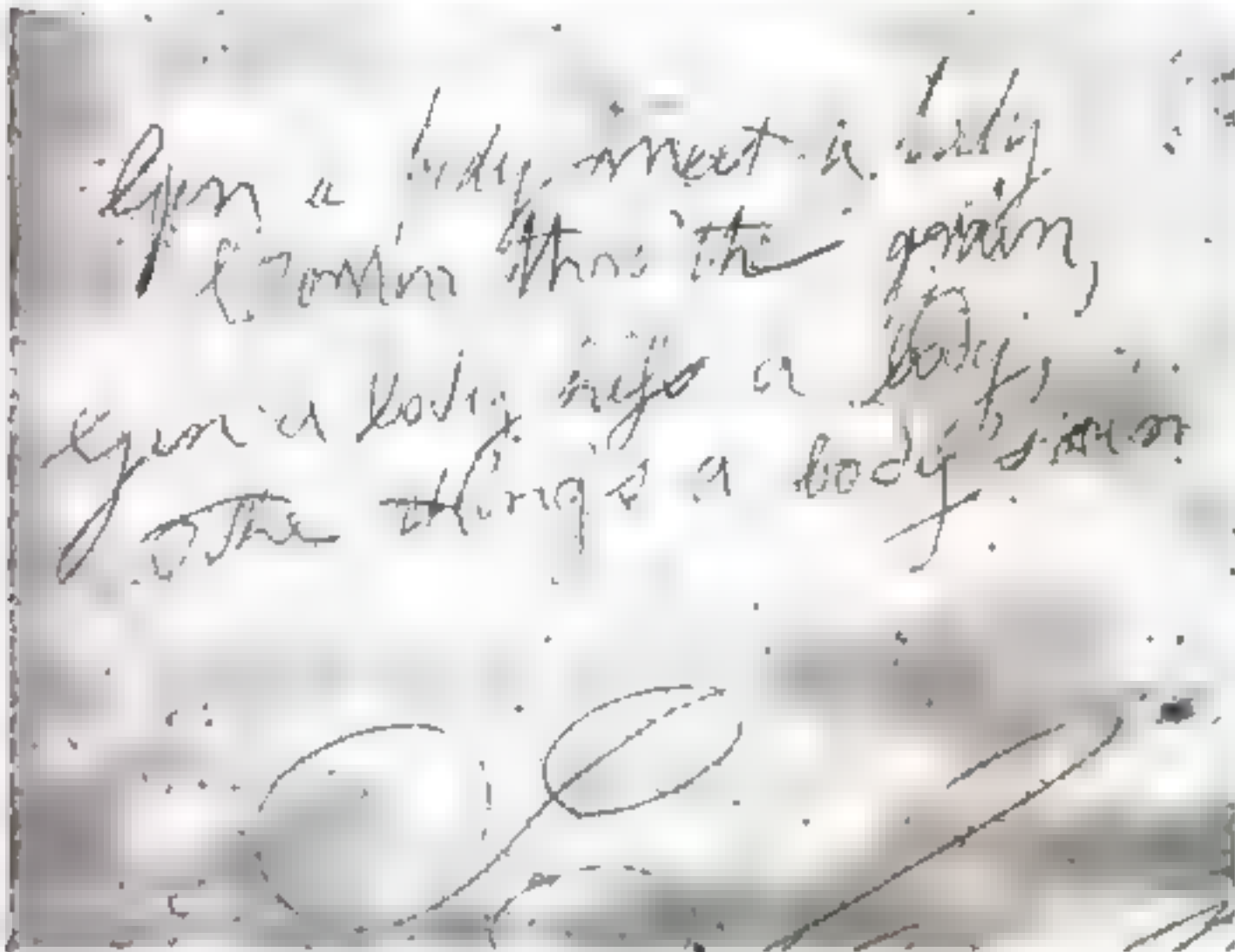
And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
And gie's a hand o' thine;  
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,  
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.





"**THE BRIGS OF AYR**" is a poem which turned out to be a prophecy. In it an old bridge (*foreground*) was taunted by a new bridge alongside as "an ugly, Gothic hulk." The old bridge answered, "I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn." The new bridge did fall after a hundred years, was replaced by a newer one (*background*).



**ON A WINDOW** of the Globe Inn, Burns scratched this early version of his song *Comin' thro' the Rye* with a diamond ring which was given to him by the Earl of Glencairn. This version reads "Gin a body meet a body Comin' thro' the grain, Gin a body kisse a body, The thing's a body's ain." It was suggested by an old folk song.



**THE AFTON RIVER** flows through Ayrshire braes, but not "gently," as Burns admonished it. Of a scene like this he wrote, "Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, And winds by the cot where my Mary resides; How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave."



**BURNS'S FAVORITE SPOT** was the Globe Inn in Dumfries, which has become a shrine for Burns lovers. As a teenager Burns used to drop in here every market day. Later, when he was an excise man, he came here every evening and sat in the drinking room, and talking politics with his friends and flirting with the barmaid.



**HIGHLAND MARY**, at this small brook which runs into the Ayr, plighted her troth to Burns in the Scottish manner. They exchanged Bibles over the running water. Burns fell in love with her while he was trying to forget Jean Armour. Mary died of fever and Burns wrote poems about her (p. 84). Later he married Jean.









**TAM AND FRIEND** Souter (i.e., cobbler) Johnny now sit as statues in Tam o' Shanter Inn. Tam is at left.

## TAM O' SHANTER

On the stone bridge at left near Alloway, one of Burns's most famous characters was almost caught by a witch. Topsy Tam o' Shanter, after an evening of drinking with his friend Souter Johnny, was trotting past Kirk-Alloway on his mare Maggie when he saw lights in the church and heard eerie music. Through a window he saw witches and ghosts in a ghastly dance. When one in a short shirt (cutty sark), a witch called Nannie, made a spectacular fling, Tam shouted, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" The poem goes on:

And in an instant all was dark:  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.  
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their byke;  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud;  
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.  
Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!  
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!  
Kate soon will be a woofu' woman!  
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane of the brig;  
There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they dare na cross.  
But ere the key-stane she could make,  
The fiend a tail she had to shake!  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—  
Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her ain gray tail:  
The carlin claut her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.  
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:  
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,  
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,  
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.



**THE INN** where Tam so often drank and where he sat before his wild ride for the bridge, stands in Ayr.

← **THE BRIG O' DOON**, toward which Tam raced, crosses Doon River. Once Tam crossed the keystone, or center of the bridge, he was safe from the witches, who could not cross running water. He just made it.





BURNS RECITATIONS are given all the time by boys and girls in Scotland. Here David Wilkie, 8, a champion reciter of the Speirs School in Ayr-

shire, performs for his classmates. The children like best the pretty songs and ballads like *Highland Mary*, three stanzas of which are printed below.

### HIGHLAND MARY

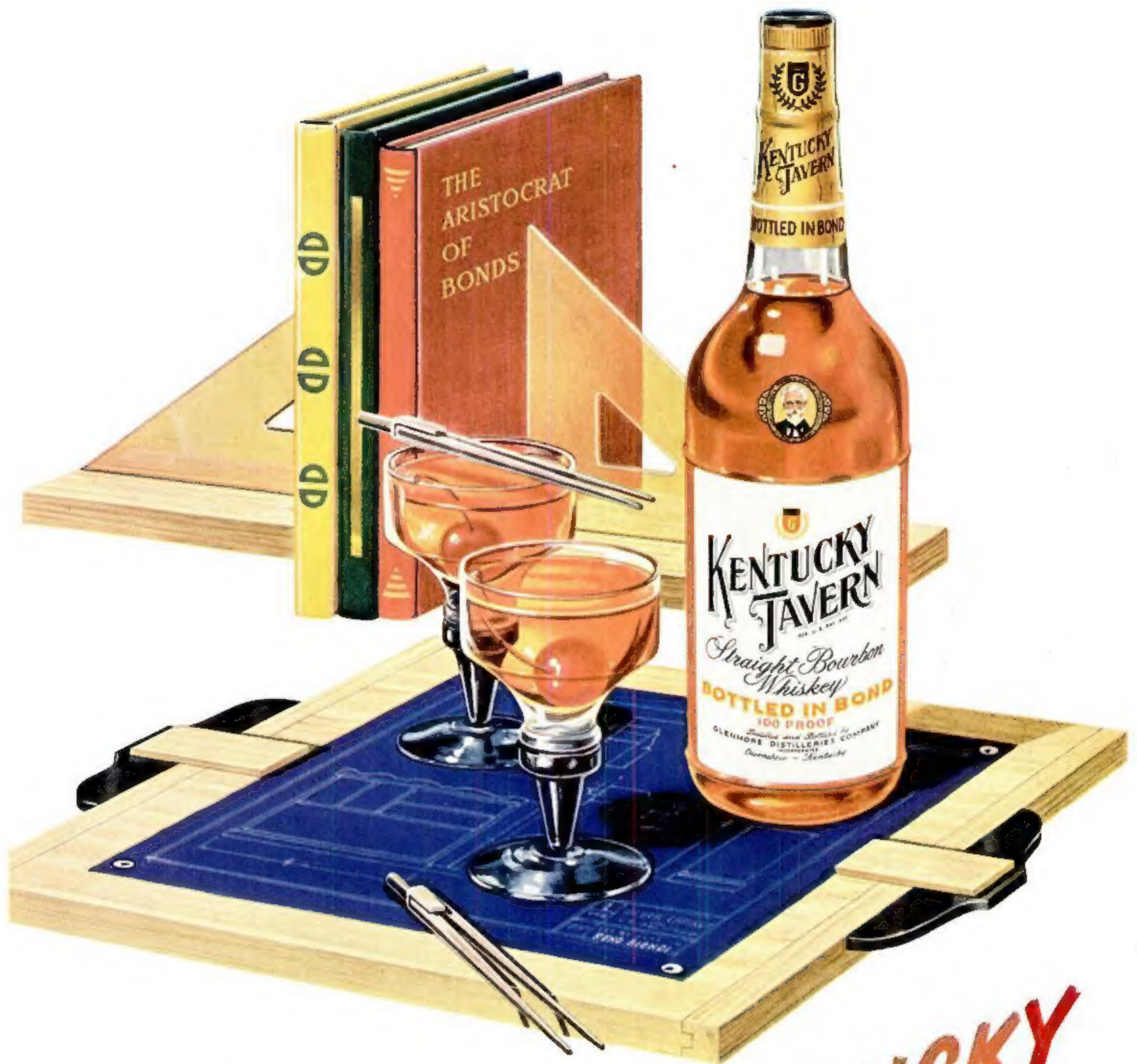
Ye banks and braes and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie!  
There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
And there the langest tarry;  
For there I took the last fareweel  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath their fragrant shade  
I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
The golden hours on angel wings  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
I aft have kiss'd sae fondly!  
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,  
That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
And mould'ring now in silent dust,  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.



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